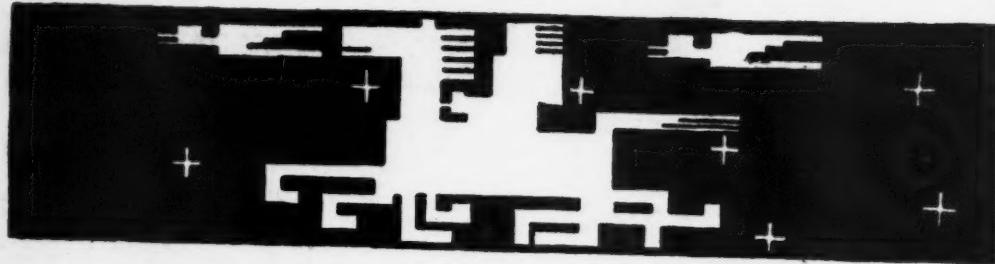


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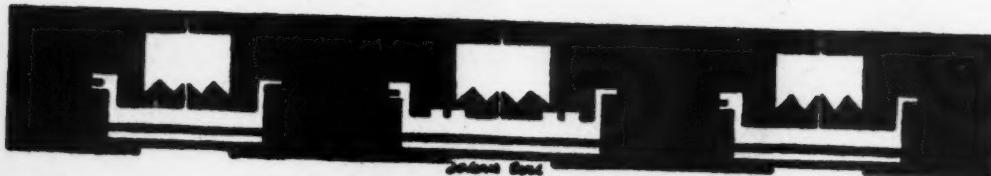


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THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

VOLUME XXX

MARCH, 1942

NUMBER 1

Denmark Resists

BY STEN GUDME

WHEN THE GERMAN Minister in Copenhagen, Herr von Renthe-Fink, on the afternoon of April 9, 1940, was called in to the Danish Foreign Minister, Dr. P. Munch, the Reich representative said, with tears in his eyes, "I am now a dishonored man." Twenty-four hours earlier he had given his word of honor that Germany would not attack Denmark and that the massing of German troops south of the Danish boundary meant nothing. But he had added that, if the Danish Government ordered mobilization, as demanded by Commanding General W. W. Prior, Germany would regard it as an act of hostility. Therefore Denmark did not mobilize—and did not fight. The "dishonored man" is still sitting there as Denmark's ruler and the authorized representative of the German Reich.

It is not quite true that Denmark did not fight; in some places men fought for half an hour, in other places for two hours. But that was not the end of Denmark's fighting; on the contrary, it was the beginning. For in this war, which Berlin has called "Europe's war of liberation"—a phrase which we in the oppressed countries proudly adopt as our own—it is not first and foremost the heroism of the battlefield that counts. No, true heroism in this war is found also in the countries where the armies have surrendered but where the civilian population continues the war, where workmen and peasants carry on sabotage against the foreign army of occupation, where mothers protect their children against hunger and cold, as well as against the pressure of a foreign language and the influence of evil ideologies.

We may ask whether the Danish people possess this heroism, whether they can be said to take part in Europe's war of liberation. Have they, during the almost two years of the occupation, shown that they are able and willing to carry on this battle? Have they even begun it?

Before we answer, we must remember that not only was the proportion of the military forces overwhelmingly against Denmark, but the conditions under which the fighting had to be resumed after the grounding of arms were much more difficult in Denmark than in the other occupied countries. Those countries had fought, and thereby the will to resistance had been roused from the first day. Moreover, traitor governments and German commissioners were imposed upon them, while at the same time national Governments were formed outside the boundaries of the countries and from their vantage point could strengthen the will to endure. In Denmark the situation was quite different. The country had voluntarily bowed to superior force. Respect for King Christian, who remained in his place and admonished his subjects to be calm and to preserve order, was a strong factor in making people unite in support of the Cabinet, which had been in power for eleven years. Nor did the small Nazi groups inspire any fear. Indeed their Führer, Frits Clausen, with his diminutive party split into several groups, moved more to laughter than to fear.

However strange it may seem, the man who really united the Danes in resistance was none other than the pro-German Foreign Minister, Erik Scavenius, who was appointed three months after the occupation. By his clumsiness, not to say stupidity, he was the one who cleared the minds of those who had been willing to support the Coalition Government. He made them see that perhaps all was not well. For it was both clumsy and improper when Scavenius, shortly after taking office, in a Government proclamation of July 8, 1940, expressed his "admiration for the German army"—that same army which had just then been engaged in murdering the civilian populations of Norway, Holland, Belgium, and France. The Danish people most assuredly did not feel any admiration for such doings, nor could they fail to see that it was not only clumsy but very unwise when the Danish Foreign Minister, immediately after this proclamation, freely offered the Germans what at this stage they had not even dreamed of demanding: a customs and currency union and common passports for Danes and Germans. With this the first breach had been opened in the unity. When a Coalition Government could accept this action, even under protest, there was evidently something wrong with the idea of unity. Harmony could be purchased at too high a price.

Added to this came events abroad. The fall of France, after a short period of intense depression, had exactly the opposite effect of what we might have imagined. On April 9 people had been prone to say, "We shall get back our freedom when the Allies win the war, and that can't last long. We ourselves need not do anything." But now that England stood alone, they said, "Now Denmark must help to win the war for England, and for ourselves." It is noteworthy that this change in feeling occurred before the battle of London had been fought, and won, by England. It is to the credit of the Danes, and should not be forgotten, that it occurred just when all hope for a free Europe seemed extinguished for an uncounted number of years, and when many even in England had begun to feel doubt.

The practical effect of this change in feeling did not lead to the wave of terror and mass arrests with bloody fights and executions which we know only too well from the other occupied countries. The Germans were still trying to use Denmark as an exhibit to show how happy was the country that had surrendered peacefully, and moreover the Danes are naturally a temperate people. Nevertheless, a Swedish professor, who had spent some time both in Denmark and in Norway during the occupation, said that he found in the Danes an even more systematic and carefully planned resistance than in Norway.

First and foremost the Nazi groups shrank and grew smaller and smaller. There were no new recruits trying to play safe in case Germany should win after all. If these Nazi parties had tried with the aid of the Germans to take over power in Denmark, there would probably have been open revolt. Over against the Germans, the rather passive "cold shoulder" attitude on the part of the Danes gave place to open demonstrations, hostilities, and clashes with the German soldiery which sometimes became quite bloody. The insulting and tyrannical attitude of the occupying soldiers was in sharp contrast with the official German description of their politeness and good behavior. After April 9 the Danes found some specimens of a so-called "pocket-parleur" for the German soldiers, containing sentences which they might find useful in their occupation of the country. Each sentence was first printed in German, then in Danish translation, and finally the Danish pronunciation was given. Here are a few samples:

Sind sie der Bürgermeister (Pfarrer, Lehrer)?—Are you the Mayor (Pastor, Teacher)? Open all cupboards. Where is the money box? How many Kroner in it? Write the number here. Have you any other money? I take possession of all the money.—The Nazi soldiers do not seem to be much behind those of the Kaiser.

Of greater importance than the clashes of individuals with the German soldiers are the boycott and sabotage which are participated in by ever increasing numbers. Ferries sink when they are fully loaded with German matériel; huge warehouses burn down when they have been stuffed to overflowing with goods for Germany; railway trains run off the track when they are headed for the south, and factories are stopped for weeks because some important machine has been wrecked. The laborers have been robbed of their right to strike, but they are taking their own revenge by sabotage and slowing up the pace. It is worth noting that this obstruction has steadily increased even since 116 members of the Communist party have been put into a concentration camp. This fight on the inner front has nothing to do with Communism. It has grown up in the image of resistance among fellow sufferers in other countries, inspired first and foremost by Norway's heroic struggle, but due also to the fact that the Danes have now definitely taken their stand.

The fight against the Germans and against Germanization is now active on all fronts. Every individual finds his own weapons in his private life and at his place of work. I shall mention only a few. The largest publishing house in Denmark has refused to put out a single book translated from the German, whether new or old, but seeks instead to make available the old English classics. All German films are boycotted. People in Copenhagen made a parody on the usual German military communiqués: "One hundred German bombers last night flew over London and all returned unharmed. Seventy German films last month were sent to Denmark and all returned unseen." A distinguished Danish scholar has changed his old family name from the German "Müller" to the Danish "Møller." None of the large business organizations or cultural institutions as, for instance, the Employers' Organization, the Industrial Council, the Agricultural Council, the University, etc. have been willing to be represented in the Danish-German Society, which was formed after the occupation under the auspices of the Government in order to promote Danish-German relations. The Students' Union in Copenhagen last autumn refused to recognize a newly organized Nazi branch. At the same time an extensive educational work, which has already cost several Danish men their positions and even their liberty, is carried on by doctors, ministers, and teachers round about the country. They gather the young people in the towns and parishes in order to let them listen to the English radio and to instruct them in preparation for the work which must be done on the day when Denmark shall become free—no matter how that may come to pass. All these big and little things make up a mosaic in which

the outlines are plain enough. The amount of resistance may be estimated by the fact that the Danish police force has been augmented again and again until Denmark is now really a police-governed State.

Opposition against the policy of the Government is expressed vigorously, but not vigorously enough. No tangible results followed the demonstrations which the University students in Copenhagen started when Foreign Minister Scavenius last November went to Berlin to sign the Anti-Comintern Pact. Nevertheless, it is not without significance that thousands and thousands of people dare to protest publicly in the open streets against the foreign power which is trying to force its policies upon our country. When Scavenius returned from Berlin, he did not dare to face his countrymen. Instead of coming in to the main railway station in Copenhagen, he entered the capital in an automobile along devious byways.

Criticism of the Coalition Government has been voiced in the newspapers of all parties as well as in the Folketing. They have been directed especially against Foreign Minister Scavenius and Traffic Minister Gunnar Larsen, formerly head of F. L. Smidt and Company. It is a question whether today it is not merely the person of the King that shields the Government, although he is assuredly not in sympathy with it. But neither respect for the King nor fear of a Nazi or semi-Nazi Government, which would probably be the alternative if Scavenius were allowed to go, can much longer prevent the people from taking an aggressive attitude towards the Foreign Minister and that new pro-German course which he has forced upon the Coalition Cabinet. It is doubtful if he will be able to survive the introduction into Denmark of the legislation against the Jews which the German Foreign Ministry in Wilhelmstrasse has proclaimed over the Danish radio to be a natural sequence to the signing of the Anti-Comintern Pact. At the same time, people still have confidence that the King some day will declare that the limit of submission has been reached.

We have doubted whether the man who has the chief responsibility for Denmark's political line during the occupation should be called a Quisling or a Laval. But that is quibbling about words. We can just as well call him by his own name—Scavenius. That name, too, will pass into history as that of a man who betrayed the interests of his own people during Europe's war of liberation. At the same time, the Foreign Minister could not have forced through his policies without support in the Cabinet from Prime Minister Stauning and Traffic Minister Gunnar Larsen, possibly also from others. Minister Stauning is now an old man who seems to have lost his force and has certainly lost the confidence of the younger workingmen. Gunnar Larsen is a rep-

representative of a small but quite influential group of business men who would like to see an intimate cooperation with Germany both now and after the war. He has on several occasions been Erik Scavenius's only support in the Cabinet, and in his activity both as administrator and as speaker, he has been an energetic advocate of Germany.

* * * * *

Was it right that Denmark did not go to war on April 9? The Danish people are sharply divided on this question. There were some who spat after the Danish soldiers in the days immediately following April 9. That was both cruel and unjust, for the attitude of the Army is beyond cavil. Everyone, from the Commanding General to the youngest recruit, was anxious to fight. The cleavage in opinion among people in general does not follow party lines. There are Conservative groups who formerly always demanded the utmost in the way of defenses, but who now openly admit that it would have been foolish to offer resistance. On the other hand, there are Social-Democrats and Radicals who feel that they were betrayed because there was no war. There had, in fact, been a change of opinion, especially among the younger Social-Democrats, amounting almost to an avalanche in favor of building up the defenses. But it was too late. It is, however, an indication that, when the war is over, Denmark will take a very different attitude in the matter of defenses.

If we ask what armed resistance would have accomplished, we can only say that it might have delayed the Germans for a day or two, certainly not more, and thus given warning to Norway. The General Staffs of the Allies will have to determine for themselves whether this delay of twenty-four or forty-eight hours could have changed the course of the war. Certainly it could not have made any difference in Denmark, possibly in Norway, but many doubt whether it would have done even that.

In spite of all, about one-half of Denmark's population wish there had been armed resistance, even if the value of it had been only symbolical. They wanted to show that Denmark was willing to make sacrifices. But we must not forget that our neutrality policy up to April 9 was not without its sacrifices. During that period we continued sending supplies to blockaded England, and in doing so we lost 433 Danish seamen and 69 Danish ships. That sacrifice should not be forgotten on the day of reckoning. We continued to sail to England even after Germany had declared that it meant sailing into the jaws of death.

* * * * *

In the long run the whole country will have to pay for whatever immunity it has enjoyed under the "protection" of Hitler. The two

billion Kroner which Germany owed Denmark at the close of 1941 will, of course, never be paid. If Germany should win, which God forbid, she would order Denmark to write off the two billions for expenses in connection with the protection. That no one can doubt. If the Reich loses, Denmark will never get a red cent out of bankrupt Germany.

The people who are paying for the German occupation are first and foremost the Danish workingmen. This can be demonstrated in cold figures. Denmark has about half a million workingmen and in the past winter about 200,000 of them were unemployed; 50,000 had been forced to take work in Germany or Norway; 100,000 were working on part time, sometimes only a couple of days a week, from which they drew less wages than they would have received as unemployment insurance in normal times. That leaves only 150,000 of the half million workingmen and they have, by means of an ungenerous wage system, already had their living standards reduced 25 to 40 per cent. On the black market one can buy the rationing cards of the workingmen. They themselves have not enough money to use them. The professional class and civil servants, as well as the shopkeepers, also feel the burden of the occupation. During the winter of 1940 to 1941, which was unusually cold, there were thousands of families in town and in the country who gave up their houses for the winter in order to move in with their friends and thus save expenses for heating. They had rationing cards but no money to buy fuel. The farmers at first got fabulous prices for their produce, which was exported to Germany, but it was the Danish National Bank that paid the bills, and the farmers knew perfectly well that their paper money was eaten up by inflation while their stables and barns were being emptied. They know that it will take ten or fifteen years after the war before they can get their farms stocked adequately as before. Most of the people in Denmark are still able to get food and clothing, better than in Germany, but poorer than in England. The trouble is that the warehouses in Denmark are being emptied and not filled again. People are living on their capital and consuming accumulated stores. The present winter has brought scarcity of milk, butter, and meat, and is undoubtedly the hardest that people of small means have experienced for generations.

Must Denmark see the specter of starvation within her own doors before she awakens fully? Do we who are outside of Denmark wish to see her suffer the miseries of Norway, the horrors of France, the terror of Yugoslavia? Assuredly not. The Danes who are outside of Denmark, whether in London, safe from Hitler's bombs—a safety which, to be sure, is dearly bought—or who are serving with a formidable military power, well-equipped and surrounded by millions of brave

comrades of all nations, or who are sailing on ships protected by the powerful British and American fleets—they have no right to demand revolt and guerrilla warfare in Denmark. The fight is too unequal and would lead to nothing. It would be beaten down as quickly, or even more quickly, than would have been the case on April 9.

That which the Danes who are now outside of Denmark have a right to demand of their countrymen at home is that they show their faces, that they do not bend, do not allow themselves to be swept unresisting into the abyss. They must show that they are not less brave or less faithful or less willing to sacrifice than all the other nations who today are fighting for their life and freedom.

For twelve years now Stauning's Government has been in power, for the last year and a half in the name of a Coalition Cabinet for the whole people. How can England and America and their Allies believe anything but that this Government still gives expression to the national will of Denmark? Stauning and Scavenius are a true copy of Petain's Vichy Government, and should be deposed. It would be better to have a German Reichskommissar. Then the world would at least know that, when Denmark yields to Germany, it is under duress.

Furthermore, we must let them know that we follow their struggle with sympathy. We must not allow them to feel, as they do now, that they are unnoticed by the world and are reckoned as of no consequence compared to other countries. Their contribution is not small, and we must let them understand that we are aware of it.

I believe we all wish that more Danes would come to England to volunteer. We need them, and they should know that we do. While I was still in Denmark there were many who were ready to sacrifice everything in order to cross the North Sea, but they were not sure whether anyone had use for them, whether they might not even be interned. And yet there were hundreds, perhaps thousands, who wished themselves in England. People in Denmark have hitherto waited for encouragement from England and from the Danes in England and the United States, while Danes abroad have perhaps felt that things moved too slowly at home.

During the last few months, fortunately, there has been a change both at home and abroad. Since I left Denmark last summer, great things have happened there. During the days when the Anti-Comintern Pact was being signed, people in Denmark showed that they were not afraid of demonstrations and riots. And we have seen how they did not allow themselves to be fooled by Hitler's maneuvers in Finland, although this was a very difficult test. We who are outside of Denmark have no reason to doubt their will or their courage.

At the same time the Danes at home have also received the support they asked from England and America. The action of Minister de Kauffmann in the Greenland matter happened while I was still in Denmark. I know what joy it gave to the people there. Furthermore, the action of the Danish Minister in London, Count Reventlow, in breaking with his Government has certainly also been received with jubilation. People at home knew that 4,000 Danish seamen were making their brave and useful contribution to the cause of the Allies. They knew that there were Danish volunteers in England's army and air force. And they knew that Greenland had become a firm foothold in the life-line of the democracies across the Atlantic. But they still lacked a central unit which could officially take care of the Danish interests in relation to the Allies. This is now created. The moral significance of Count Reventlow's action is best gauged by the fact that the Danish Government, up to the present writing, has not dared to inform the Danish public of his break with the Government in Copenhagen, now a month old, or about his dismissal.

Yet another encouraging thing has happened. Up to December 27, 1941, Denmark had only two words, uttered in the English House of Commons, to support her hope for the future. They were spoken when a member asked whether the liberation of Denmark was a part of England's war aims, and Under Secretary of State Butler said, "Yes, sir." But on December 27 Minister de Kauffmann took part in the first Allied conferences in the United States. May not Denmark hope that this is a first step towards a genuine acceptance of Denmark as an Ally? The time has come when we can again say of the old Danish flag, the Dannebrog, as it was said in 1219 at the battle of Lundanis, "Lift it high, the higher it is lifted, the nearer is victory."

Sten Gudme is one of the most highly regarded younger Danish newspaper men. He was assistant editor of Politiken and escaped when he found himself threatened with arrest. He is one of the last Danish intellectuals to get out of Denmark, and is now in England.

Our Mother-Tongue

BY EDVARD LEMBCKE

Translated from the Danish by RICHARD PRESCOTT KEIGWIN

OUR MOTHER-TONGUE is beautiful, it has a friendly ring.
With what shall I compare it and praise it as I sing?
A maid of gentle breeding, a bride of royal mould,
and she is so young, and so lovely to behold.

She lays upon our lips all the phrases, bold and true,
for lover's soft entreaty, for songs of derring-do.
When hearts are big with longing or stricken low with grief,
she pours forth the music that promises relief.

And though to east and west we have sought on other strands
the wisdom of the ancients, the lore of distant lands,
she lures us and draws us, we tread as we are told,
for she is so young, and so lovely to behold.

The foreign folk were minded to make her suffer pain,
they threatened her with thraldom inside her own domain;
but, just when they thought she was bound beneath the yoke,
she laughed out so heartily that all her fetters broke.

She took the power of language and gave it to her bards,
and now they stand around her, those sturdy loyal guards.
The songs that we remember and listen to with zest
are links that made the chain-mail she wears upon her breast.

Each pleasantry that played with our lips until they laughed
became within her quiver a keen and wingèd shaft;
each word that from the heart came and to the heart could win
has gone to brick the battlements that hedge her castle in.

And as the years go rolling in regular relay,
our names are soon forgotten, like snow that fell in May.
And generations fade, as their destinies unfold,
but she is so young, and so lovely to behold.

An English subscriber, R. P. Keigwin, of Bristol, in sending us this version of an old favorite, writes: "This is a singularly prophetic piece of Lembcke's, written in 1859, and shows how even before 1864 the Germans had begun their interference in South Jutland—and the Danes had found a way of fortifying themselves against it."

"Our Mother-Tongue" is included in the tiny little paper-covered song-book, *Alsang*, which mysteriously appeared in the mail box of every family shortly before September 1, 1940, and was used in the great community sings which were held in more than two hundred Danish cities on that day. In Copenhagen alone it was estimated that 150,000 people took part.

Scandinavian Collaboration

What it Was—What it May Be

BY GUNNAR LEISTIKOW

Sometime Foreign Editor of Social-Demokraten, Copenhagen

TH E SCANDINAVIAN NATIONS are very near relatives. Most of them speak languages not much more different one from the other than two English dialects. Apart from the Finns, they are ethnographically of common origin; they have the same civilization, the same democratic institutions, the same religion and ideology, the same traditions, and nearly the same folklore. They have been through pretty much the same development during the last fifty years; they have the same leaning towards social reform by peaceful means, and they had obtained nearly the same standard of living. They feel more at home in a cousin country than on the other side of the Baltic or North Sea, and their writers and students have established what comes near to being a common intellectual culture.

In bygone days their relations were still closer. We have indications that Scandinavians in the Viking epoch, when they still spoke the same language—the Old Norse or “Danish tongue,” as it was then called—considered each other as countrymen, no matter whether they came from Iceland, Norway, Denmark, or Sweden. In fact it must be considered as a pure coincidence, due to the fortunes of war, that the racial frontiers in Scandinavia are placed where they are today. If Charles X Gustavus of Sweden had been a bit more successful than he was, the island of Sjaelland or maybe even the whole of Denmark might today have been as Swedish as Scania is; and had chance favored Denmark more, the whole southern part of Sweden might still be as Danish in language and mind as it was since the earliest days of history up to the end of the Seventeenth Century. It is equally accidental, when the Swedish-Norwegian border makes Sweden comprise the old Norwegian provinces of Bohuslän and Jämtland but leaves, for instance, Östfold with Norway. Today the population of Bohuslän or Jämtland feels as strongly Swedish as the inhabitants of Östfold feel Norwegian. But there have been times, in the Middle Ages, when the peasant populations of the border region felt much more sympathy with their neighbors across the border than with their compatriots in far off towns and capitals; and when their kings waged war against each other the farmers often boycotted the war and made with their brethren on the other

side a regular "peasants' peace," agreeing under no circumstances to fight each other.

Several times during the centuries the crowns of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden have been united on the head of one single sovereign and during the longest of these periods, the so-called Union of Calmar (1397-1527) attempt was made to establish a pan-Scandinavian super-state and even to elaborate a common book language. But these tendencies came to naught.

In modern times the Swedish-Norwegian Union was to some extent, especially in the beginning, a practical example of Scandinavian collaboration, and in the middle of the century attempts were made to include Denmark in this collaboration. When the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein rose against Danish domination in 1848, and the German powers intervened in their behalf, a Norwegian-Swedish column was concentrated in Scania and eventually sent to Denmark, but arrived too late to see active service. When after this war a vacancy on the Danish throne was anticipated, there was some sentiment for electing King Oscar I of Sweden and Norway as hereditary prince of Denmark. Nothing came of this, however, and the same was true of an attempt made by Oscar I's successor Carl XV to establish a pan-Scandinavian Union with a common parliament. King Carl, who was strongly Scandinavian-minded, did not even succeed in getting his government to send 22,000 troops to Denmark when that country was attacked by Prussia and Austria in 1864.

Side by side with the movement for political union ran the tendency to stress Scandinavian brotherhood in other ways. As early as the Eighteenth Century writers had urged upon the three Northern nations a more brotherly attitude, and ever since the great Swedish poet Tegnér crowned his Danish colleague Oehlenschläger with a laurel wreath as "King of Scandinavian poets," in the Cathedral of Lund in 1829, meetings between Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish men of letters had been popular. From the middle of the Nineteenth Century university students, especially from the neighboring institutions of Lund and Copenhagen, used to meet, upon the initiative of the Danish poet Carl Ploug, to exchange ideas and—decidedly not less—toasts.

But after the unhappy war of 1864 and Denmark's loss of the Elbe duchies, including the almost exclusively Danish North Slesvig, a great disillusion was felt among the Danes, who accused their brethren of not having done their part, and for quite a long time Scandinavian feelings were at a low ebb. Even the popular students' meetings were discontinued for a while.

But, strangely enough, simultaneously with this emotional depression, a more practical sort of Scandinavian collaboration was initiated. When in the early Seventies need was felt for a monetary reform, a monetary convention on similar lines to the Latin convention was established between Sweden and Denmark, soon adhered to also by Norway. In 1880 an identical law on bills of exchange was adopted in each of the three countries, after it had been prepared by a joint committee comprising members of each of the three parliaments. This procedure was generally felt as a great success and a practical thing to be repeated in similar cases. Since then a great many acts of civil law have been adopted by this procedure, so that today a great and most important part of civil law is common to the five countries, since also Finland and Iceland have adopted them. Some of the most important common Scandinavian acts of this type are: the Maritime Law of 1892, the Purchase Law of 1905-07, the Contract Law of 1917-19, the Marriage Law of 1921-25, and laws about trade-marks, insurance, trade registers, and checks. In January 1926 agreements were signed about unconditional arbitration in all interstate disputes between Scandinavian countries. In accordance with this arrangement, Denmark and Norway agreed to settle their dispute about the sovereignty over Greenland by a decision of the Hague Court, and a peaceful settlement was thus attained in 1931, one of the very few cases in Europe when a question involving sovereignty has been solved for good, both States having committed themselves beforehand to accept the decision.

When, towards the end of the Nineteenth Century, economic developments in the capitalism of Norway took a specific Norwegian course, in many respects quite opposite from and seeking completely other outlets than Swedish capitalism, the Union between the two countries with a Swedish-dominated foreign policy and with a common foreign representation, became an impediment to Norway's expansion. A satisfying arrangement was not found, and so the Norwegians, in 1905, broke off their ties with the Swedes, proclaiming their complete independence and choosing a Danish prince for their king.

From the point of view of Scandinavian collaboration, it could be, and was, deplored, that no readjustment of the Union on a more equal basis could be made, and the events thirty-five years later showed what the Norwegians had lost, when they gave up a connection that warranted them protection by stronger and wealthier Sweden. On the other hand, it was due to a feeling of brotherhood as well as a common conception of human ideals and justice, when the partition was accomplished without bloodshed and the word of King Oscar I came true that war between Scandinavian nations was no longer possible. Thirteen

years later, in 1918, with less friction and by mutual consent, Iceland was freed from her political ties with Denmark, who acknowledged her as an independent sovereign State united with Denmark only through the symbolic and traditional tie of a common king. A notable feature of practical Scandinavianism was included in the arrangement, when it was stipulated that the citizens of each country should enjoy the full rights of citizenship in the other. Indeed Danes in Iceland and Icelanders in Denmark are even eligible for parliament or official positions in the country of their residence. The fact that this arrangement is still in force, even after the common royalty came to an end in the turbulent years of World War II, may be taken as a good omen for future handling of citizenship questions between Scandinavian nations.

After 1905 Scandinavian feelings were again at a discount for some years, due to suspiciousness on the part of Norwegians towards the Swedes and resentment in Sweden against the Norwegians for breaking out of the Union. But these feelings were forgotten when the outbreak of World War I put all three nations in the same boat. Regular meetings of the sovereigns, initiated by King Gustaf in Malmö in the fall of 1914, and the framing of identical neutrality regulations marked the solidarity of the sister nations at that time.

This form of collaboration did not come to an end with the termination of the war. On the contrary, it was renewed, and in 1934 expanded also to Finland, who had severed her ties to Russia in 1917 and professed her Scandinavian traditions by adopting a flag with a cross on the pattern of her sister nations. Once more a conflict was solved in a peaceful way, when Sweden submitted to the decision of the League of Nations assigning the Åland archipelago to Finland, in spite of the fact that the Swedish-speaking inhabitants had expressed a wish to join the Swedish State.

The new Northern collaboration took mainly the form of joint meetings of the foreign ministers, during which questions of common concern were discussed and a common procedure was often agreed upon. Similarly the representatives of the four countries at Geneva—Iceland was, mainly on account of the cost, never a member of the League—used to meet and talk things over before the official sittings. This rather informal and more traditional than organized coordination was based on the general anticipation of the rôle of the smaller countries almost unanimously predominant in the Northern countries at the time. The best foreign policy for such countries, the experience of World War I seemed to say, was to have no foreign policy, and to stay aloof from the quarrels of the Great Powers. It was, one could almost say, the isolationism of the North.

After a pause of ten years, the meetings of the foreign ministers were resumed in 1932, when the effects of the world crisis made a common danger felt. During the many international conflicts in the Thirties the policy of "peace neutrality" prevailed, under the impression of that *sauve-qui-peut* mentality then dominating a Europe which only learned collective security and solidarity when it was too late. Time and again a defensive alliance comprising all Scandinavian States was suggested, but each time it was turned down by the politicians holding office, very definitely by the Danish Premier Stauning in a strongly criticized speech in Lund, Sweden, in 1937. In fact there was hardly any basis to be found for such an alliance, because there seemed to be no common danger. Denmark feared German occupation in case of a general European war and Finland apprehended Russian aggression, but Denmark was not prepared to defend Finland's integrity against distant Russia; nor was Finland ready to endanger, for the sake of Denmark, her traditional friendship with the only Great Power capable of keeping the Soviet Union out of the Bay of Finland. Norway and Iceland wishfully believed themselves safe behind the Britannia-ruled waves, and Sweden tiptoed around, nervous about the possible fates of her eastern and southwestern neighbors, but reluctant to commit herself too far. After England, since Ottawa, had restricted her Danish imports, Denmark had become too dependent economically on Germany to be able to irritate this important customer by signing a pact aimed at protection against her dynamic neighbor. She did not even dare to turn down, as her sister nations did, a German offer of a non-aggression pact in 1939, though fully aware of how little a pact signed by Hitler would be worth at the zero hour.

Even after the outbreak of World War II, such a defensive pact was sponsored by the Swedish Foreign Minister Rickard Sandler. But under the influence of the Finnish-Soviet tension, still less understanding than usual could be obtained for such an idea during the inter-Scandinavian meeting of prime ministers in Stockholm in October 1939. Yet, the issue was again raised—with exclusion of Denmark—this time by Finland, after her unlucky treaty with Russia, in March 1939. The idea, before it could be even debated, was instantly vetoed by the Soviet Union. The Russians did not foresee that such an alliance, if really agreed on in time, might possibly have kept German soldiery not only out of Norway, but even of Finland, and thus have prevented that country from becoming a collaborator of the German aggressor.

Even before the plan could be discussed by the governments concerned, the *casus foederis* came forth: on April 9 the Germans invaded Denmark and brought the war to Norway. The Swedes could do noth-

ing but watch the invader fight his way through and take possession of the brother country, wherefrom he could at his ease threaten the Swedish frontier. During the coming year, the Germans infiltrated Finland, who was too scared by her recent experience with the Russians to slam her door in the face of a highwayman who might turn out to be her only friend in a new emergency. Fearing the consequences which a friendship with Europe's aggressor number one might entail, the Swedish Foreign Minister Chr. E. Günther flew to Helsinki in the first days of May 1941, to warn his Finnish colleagues against the danger. But it was too late. German influence was already so predominant that Finland could no longer back out. Eventually she was forced to join Germany in her attack on Finland's hereditary enemy.

The years 1940 and 1941 faced a breakdown of Scandinavian collaboration more complete than ever before in the thousand years of Scandinavian history. Not a single trace of unity is left; each country is in a situation entirely different from each of the others. Sweden is the happiest of them, having succeeded thus far—although surrounded by German troops on every side—in defending her neutrality against an omnipresent German pressure. Iceland deems herself equally lucky in being defended from Nazi invasion by British and American troops, but as a price for this protection she has to face the difficult problem of housing a foreign army scarcely less numerous than her own population. Of the three German-dominated countries, Denmark is the best off, because it fits the purposes of German propaganda to reward her for non-resistance. But the provisional preservation of her democratic institutions is being paid for by a ruinous economic exploitation of her resources. Even Finland has been allowed to retain her democratic system, but she is bled white in a desolating war, which she is not allowed to end. Norway, finally, is punished for her vigorous refusal to join the German New Order, by a more ruthless pillaging than the most recklessly exploited Roman provinces suffered at the hands of their conquerors.

Under such circumstances it would be a miracle if the feelings between the countries were not affected, and it cannot be denied that the feeling of brotherhood has suffered. The Norwegian rank and file, over-estimating the possibilities of help, were disappointed that the expected Swedish military aid was not forthcoming, and complained later that the welcome of the Swedes, when the Norwegians were forced to cross the border, was distinctly less cordial than anticipated. Even among the Finns grudges were voiced against the Swedes, when last summer they showed themselves more reluctant to help an ally of

aggressive Germany than a Finland defending itself heroically alone against an overwhelming force.

But these feelings did not last. The Swedes stopped complaining over the presumed insufficient resistance of the Norwegians, when mighty France fell in less time than unarmed Norway, and the Norwegians met better understanding among their Swedish brethren when the Germans forced a Quisling upon them. The terror in Norway, and the public statement of Terboven that the Germans did not care if tens of thousands of Norwegians froze to death after the Germans had confiscated their woollen blankets and cancelled their imports of coal, has been condemned in the most violent terms by the usually cautious Swedish press.

A resumption of any practical collaboration between the Scandinavian States is, of course, completely outside the scope of practical politics as long as the present situation lasts. But this does not mean that the idea has been forgotten. On the contrary, it is as vivid as ever before. Even people who doubt that, for instance, a defensive alliance ever has been feasible, agree that such an alliance, if accomplished under more favorable circumstances, might have made an aggression on any Scandinavian land too expensive for an attacker to deem it worth while, and that such an alliance therefore might have secured the neutrality of all those countries, just as Sweden's military preparedness saved her.

Norway is today too deeply involved in a struggle for life to be much concerned about problems of tomorrow, and Denmark is doomed to silence about all that might displease her German masters. Nevertheless, indications come from time to time that what may not be said openly is very much in peoples' thoughts. So the managing director of the Danish National Bank, Mr. Bramsnaes, uttered as recently as September 25 in a speech: "It may be a peculiar time to talk about Scandinavian collaboration, now that the Scandinavian countries seem more scattered than ever. But perhaps it is just in such times the feelings grow, which later shall carry us forward. In hard times we learn how strong such ties are. Maybe it is just now that we come nearer to each other. We feel, as never before, how much we have in common. We prepare to meet again in many more domains than hitherto."

What here is indicated can be discussed freely in Sweden, and the future Scandinavian collaboration, its extension and organization, is, in fact, a much debated topic in that country. Of course, such a discussion can only be academic as long as the main facts are completely unknown, such as the further fate of the separate countries during the rest of this war, the extent of destruction caused by actual and economic warfare, the degree of the pauperization of the Scandinavian na-

tions, and what, if anything, will be left of their former prosperity. But it cannot be ignored that many of the factors which in the past impeded their closer collaboration have been or are being eliminated by the course of history. They have already learned to meet on a basis of equality, since Norway had her 1905, Finland her 1917, and Iceland her 1918. They are now experiencing, bitterly enough, the dangers that threaten disunited small countries in a world where international highwaymen are at large. They have seen their economic structure turned topsy-turvy, and each of them will have to rebuild her post-war foreign trade from the ground, in or out of harmony with her neighbors. No matter how this war ends, a future Europe will be a continent of paupers, where everybody is dependent on the help of others. And solidarity, as well as charity, begins at home.

One of the most interesting of the many suggested proposals, published recently in Sweden, is the project of one of Sweden's eminent jurists, the well-known expert in international and constitutional law, Halvar G. F. Sundberg. His suggestions, first published in the leading liberal paper *Göteborgs Handels-och Sjöfartstidning* and since reprinted as a booklet, go even so far as to suggest a future federation of the Northern countries.

Sundberg starts from the consideration that, if there is any fellow-feeling at all, the basis must be an interest of each in the existence of the other States. Therefore, he says, an alliance for common defense must be the first task for any future fellowship. But experience has taught that a mere alliance between small and rather weak States is not enough. It is a matter of efficiency that such an alliance should be forged by common training, common armament, common leadership, common maneuvers. Common defense forces will then be an implement of a Northern alliance. But defense forces are the tool of foreign policies. Common defense forces are unthinkable without common relations with other States. Yet, for small States, whose foreign policies are chiefly determined by their foreign trade, a common regulation of their foreign policies cannot be worked without a common regulation of their foreign trade. This again implies some adjustment of their interstate trade. A customs union is thus logically the next step. A monetary union would be only a revival of that which already existed for more than forty years, up till World War I. As the customs income would not be enough for financing all these common affairs, some common taxation would be natural. Coordination of post, telegraph, telephone, and communications would rather be a matter of expediency than absolutely necessary. Only full freedom of residence for the citizens of one State in the others would warrant a smooth work-

ing of the fellowship, and Sundberg proposed that the reciprocity of rights in force between Denmark and Iceland since 1918 be extended also to the other Scandinavian States, as already suggested in 1938 by the Icelandic minister in Copenhagen.

Such widely extended common concerns would necessitate regulation of these concerns by common law. Such law would be more smoothly and efficiently stipulated by a common parliament and its application effected by some kind of common government than by a more complicated and less pliable league procedure. In other words, Sundberg proposes federation as the solution of the Scandinavian question, the United States of Scandinavia.

Only two years ago such a suggestion would have been disposed of as utterly fantastic and utopian. But history marches quickly in times like these, and what was unthinkable yesterday may well be feasible tomorrow. In fact, what might be questioned about proposals like Sundberg's is not so much the expediency of the suggestion as whether it perhaps comes too late. No matter how this war ends, Europe as a whole must be organized somehow or other. And it is not unlikely that tasks assigned to a Scandinavian parliament or government in a proposal like this will be taken over on a much larger scale by some future European organ. But divided and split up as Europe is, with a medley of nations, races, religions, and standards of living, it seems very likely that a pan-European organization will span only over the most pressing tasks and leave plenty of space for more regional arrangements between States of similar racial and social structure or type of civilization. In such a Europe a Scandinavian federation of one sort or other might very well fit in. The Scandinavians have been teachers in the art of peaceful collaboration before. Why should they not assume this teacher-rôle on a much wider scale in a Europe that has manifested more than clearly enough how much it still has to learn?

Stockholm's New Schools

By G. E. KIDDER SMITH

American Institute of Architects

ALONG THE PLEASANT water's edge near Djurgården, Stockholm's fine residential section, there opened in 1930 a rather remarkable fair—the National Exposition of Swedish Arts and Crafts. Although only slightly appreciated at the time, it exerted a pronounced influence upon contemporary architecture. Designed almost in its entirety by Gunnar Asplund, whose untimely death occurred in the spring of 1941, the exposition brought about a reconsideration of much of Sweden's architectural approach. Östberg's famous Town Hall had called the attention of the architectural world to Sweden; Professor Asplund introduced a movement which has carried that interest on, but one which rests on more secure grounds than the merits of an individual romantic masterpiece. In Sweden before 1930 there was an eclecticism of varied moods, climaxed by Östberg's *Stadshuset*; since then there has been a firmer, more realistic grasp of the values that go to make great architecture today.

The esthetic revolution, which this fair initiated, was furthered, oddly enough, by persons who are generally the least culturally progressive of all—civic officials. In Sweden, however, the governmental agencies have always exerted themselves to better the people's esthetic well-being, and this exposition offered an opportunity for improvement which was not overlooked. Consequently many of the policies which were evolved from the fair have had an effect far outliving the original excellence of the exhibition itself.

One of the most important results was the government's interest in and subsequent investigation of the merits of so-termed modern architecture, and the benefits they believed might be realized by its adoption for Stockholm's schools. A competition was therefore held among several invited architects to determine what specific variations in approach might result and the attendant advantages of each. The encouraging ideas brought forth prompted the Board of Education, and others interested in school design, to abandon the rigid, unrelenting Classic precepts which had formerly been their guide, and experiment instead with the as yet untried but promising road of sound architectural principles.

In place of beginning with pilastered façades of questionable Classic ancestry—façades which irrespectively warped the several types of



*Covered Play Area, Secondary School for Girls. Ahrbom
and Zimdal, Architects*

rooms needed behind a balanced arrangement of doors and windows—the new approach began with the demands which the various school uses made upon it. The functions of the building became the design determinant, and the many elements of classrooms, auditorium, library, gymnasium, etc. were so juxtaposed that the paper chart or schematic diagram of their interrelation grew into the plan of the building. The structure was thus evolved directly from the uses for which it was made and was not edited behind a preconceived notion of pseudo-classicism.

Besides the singular advantages in workability resulting from such logical planning, the most pronounced effect of the school as a whole has been the psychological reaction on the pupils themselves. Instead of being cloistered in heavy, often sunless rooms, they find in the new buildings a light airy freshness full of the morning sun, gay murals, first-rate pictures, and growing plants. Serious monumentality is replaced by more fitting grace; dark corners give way to brightness. The result is pleasant.



Court of Bromma High School. Paul Hedquist, Architect

sufficiently. Thus, whether the windows fell happily or not—in any case they were kept small to be in "scale"—or whether the size for the library must do for the gymnasium, was of relatively little concern to this formerly unquestioned school of biased tradition.

Orientation was rarely considered, even as far north as Sweden where the meager winter sun is so eagerly sought. Turning the building to gain some cheerfulness was obviously futile, however, with such a plan, for if one side of the building was properly illumined, the rooms on the other side of the corridor would be cold and sunless.

Augmenting this impression of unyielding gloom, the furnishings of the rooms and corridors were of a hue calculated to depress minds even more sturdily mature than those possessed by the young pupils.

The old conventional schools usually fitted into a rectangular structure with rooms grouped on either side of a dark corridor. An over impressive flight of stairs led past great columns into a labyrinth of hallways from which all natural light was taken by rooms on either side. These rooms were necessarily of sufficient size, but their window arrangements were of course dictated by the appearance of the façade. It was unthinkable to forego the beauties of magnificent symmetry merely to light the rooms

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Altogether, the net results when analyzed were slightly imperfect, and the exterior prettiness achieved by some of the old buildings was no compensation for what stood behind—even if one liked the stage set. Architecture is no mere façade for the avenue, but an organization for the people it shelters.

To meet this challenge to their ingenuity, brought upon them by the plentiful horrors of their earlier efforts, the Swedish Board of Education put their heads together with the leading younger architects. After

due study and experimentation they arrived at certain basic considerations which were to govern further school design. The unit they began with was the classroom.

To be cheered and welcomed in the morning, the pupil should find gay sunlit rooms; to give more repose and restfulness for tired eyes in the early afternoon, the light should be subdued. Their primary decision therefore was to orient the classroom so that this resulted. They reasoned further that, if only one orientation could achieve the benefits they had in mind, this outlook should apply to all classroom units alike. This consequently gave rise to an attenuated plan with all such rooms in a row (generally in several stories) and all facing approximately southeast. Besides the bright rooms which resulted, the former dark hallway became an open corridor with units on one side



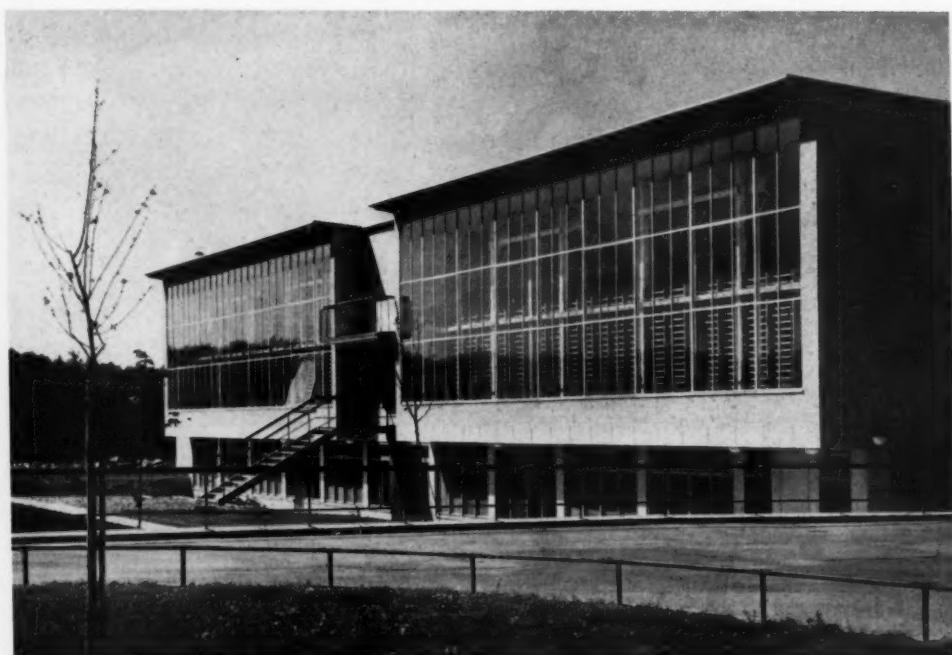
*Entrance to Music Room at Bromma
High School*



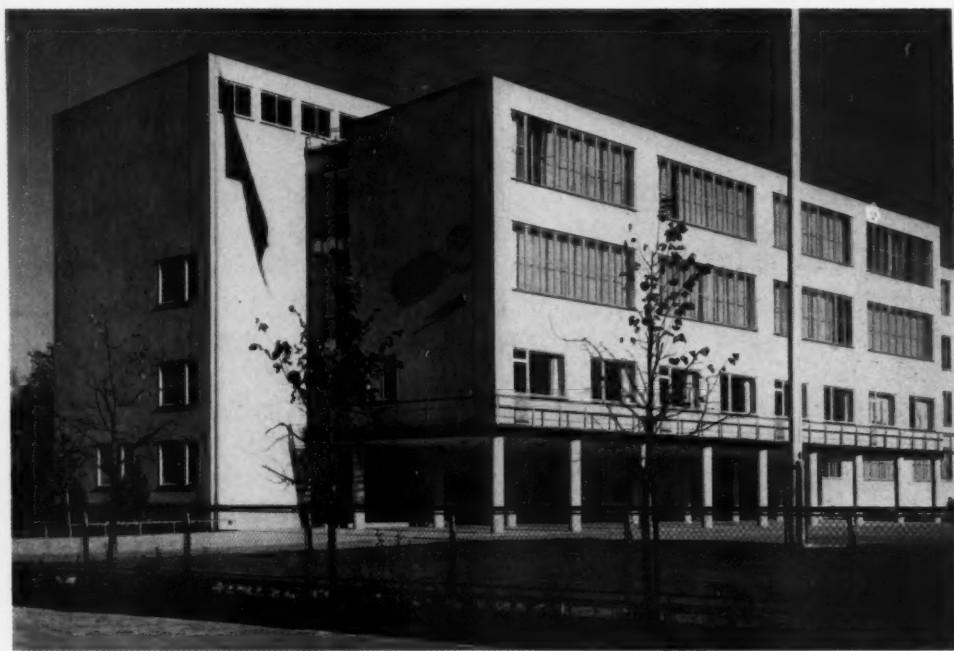
The Fredhäll School. Paul Hedquist, Architect



Auditorium, South Junior High School. Paul Hedquist, Architect



Gymnasium, Eriksdal School. Ahrbom and Zimdal, Architects



Secondary School for Girls. Ahrbom and Zimdal, Architects



*Main Stairway, Trade School of Stockholm.
Paul Hedquist, Architect*

only and a view on the other. Its cheerfulness is enhanced by plants and vines.

Windows, instead of being small vertical holes in the wall, become large areas of glass stretching the whole width of the rooms. If the sun is too intense, light curtains can be pulled across, but when it is weak—as it generally is in Swedish winters—two-thirds of the wall can be thrown open to it. Individual windows consist of one great pane of glass (doubled for insulation) uninterrupted by the numerous breaks and muntins somehow found necessary in the older designs.

The gymnasiums and auditoriums of these new schools, not requiring the same orientation as the classrooms, are often perpendicular to the main mass of the building, and occasionally such units, plus libraries, faculty rooms, laboratories, etc., make up a whole wing at right angles to the mass of the classrooms. The auditoriums are so arranged that they can be used individually at night for public gatherings or community centers, while the rest of the school remains locked.

As the auditoriums are the most important rooms in the school because of their size and public use, more architectural attention can be devoted to them than to the smaller units. Many of these typify the best that is now going on in Swedish architecture; they reflect the Scandinavian qualities of design which keep this architecture from becoming "international" and make it indigenous without suggestion of sentimental nationalism. The Northern virtues of airiness, space, and sensitive proportion are well illustrated by the auditorium in Professor Hedquist's South Junior High School. Its admirable use of wood and general feeling of elegance make this an outstandingly fine design.

Has the modern architecture of Stockholm's new schools proved successful? Have there been regrets which will develop into an architectural reaction? The answer after eight to ten years of building and experimenting is found in the newest schools which reflect even more advanced thought than the earlier ones. The Board of Education has found in them less waste space, less expense per classroom, greater flexibility and adaptability to unusual site locations. They find that "the atmosphere of light and air, which characterizes this style, makes it especially suited for school buildings where children and young people will be."

The very schools that formerly seemed bare and boxlike to the people now show the older ones to be vulgarly ostentatious and discouragingly gloomy. Instead of building down to the norm of public tastes and so entering an esthetic blind alley, the government has elevated the people to an appreciation of discerning ability. This has not been accomplished by an unimaginative school board whose sole criterion of beauty is a cast iron Doric column or a tinplated cornice, but by a progressive, keen group of men and women who, by some coincidence, actually concern themselves with the problems of modern education and how best to house it. The Swedes have substituted progress for forced romanticism, imagination and logic for vapid tradition. Their success is evident.

Nordahl Grieg

BY HALVDAN KOHT

WHEN, IN THE CLOSING months of 1940, Mr. Edward J. O'Brien was preparing what proved to be his last annual collection of Best Short Stories, he found himself compelled to state in his, as always, wise and thoughtful introduction that "during the past twelve months, creative writing has practically succumbed outside America, except for the Portuguese and Icelandic." "The pressure of war in Europe," he wrote, "completely inhibits creative writing at present. No poem, for instance, of the slightest interest has been published in any European country since the war began."

In reading these statements I protested in my heart on behalf of my country, Norway. Certainly, the Nazi oppression is so hard and heavy that free publication of the deepest sentiments living in the people and in their poets would not be allowed. But the very oppression has aroused in this freedom-loving people a mighty spiritual reaction which no foreign tyranny can suppress. It has fostered a new poetry which bears witness to the world of national strength and will power, conveying a truly important message to all other nations.

Since early in the summer of 1940, poems of this character have been circulating in Norway as secret chain-letters. Some of them, in particular the most remarkable of all, the one bearing the significant title "We Shall Live through All" (translated in the Winter Number of the REVIEW last year), are no doubt written by one of the most eminent poets still living in Norway, Arnulf Överland. As a reward he has been put in prison. Thus the Germans, now dominating the country, may be able to stop the output of true national poetry there.

But they cannot prevent Norwegian poets who have been so fortunate as to escape their prisons from venting their national indignation and fighting spirit. Indeed, free Norway in exile has become the home of a national poetry matching something of the best of former periods. The same unyielding national will that supports the stubborn resistance of the Norwegian people against tyranny and terror at home, has inspired outside Norway a stately series of patriotic poems which, published in *Norsk Tidend* in England or in Norwegian-language newspapers in America, prove to the world that neither the Norwegian nation nor Norwegian poetry is dying. A whole collection of such poems by authors living both in Norway and abroad was pub-

lished in Sweden last year under the title *Norsk Krigslyrik* (Norwegian War Lyrics); it contains much poetry of really high quality.

One of the poets who have most forcefully expressed the will to live of the Norwegian people is Nordahl Grieg. In its Summer Number of last year, the REVIEW brought a translation of the first of his poems, born under the impact of the German invasion, his manly proclamation on our Independence Day, the Seventeenth of May, 1940, that we shall fight on until "Northmen again united Shall draw the breath of the free," because "Freedom and life are one."

At that date we were still fighting in northern Norway. Shortly afterwards the author went on an errand for the Government to England. There, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, I had the pleasure of attaching him to the Norwegian Government for the task of encouraging our soldiers and sailors by his poetic activity. It was a new and unique office he received by that appointment. He really became the Tyrtaios of our new war of liberty. He fulfilled his task in the way I had expected, by creating a new national poetry, inspiring our people with hope and strength. Some of these poems will be lasting monuments of the struggle we are going through.

He had made his mark as a lyric poet, as well as a dramatist and novelist, already several years ago. Though still not quite forty years old, he has a distinguished career of authorship behind him.

Nordahl Grieg was born in Bergen, November 1, 1902. He belongs to a family which through generations has played an eminent part in the life of the old city and even in that of the whole nation. The great national composer, Edvard Grieg, was one of his kinsfolk. He was



Nordahl Grieg

christened Johan Nordahl Brun after one of his ancestors, the bishop of that name, author (in 1772) of the first national anthem of Norway, the outspoken champion of national independence in 1814. Nordahl is, in fact, a family name, but has come to be used among the descendants of that great figure as a Christian name.

The father of Nordahl Grieg was the director of a high school in Bergen, and it was a matter of course that the son would go to the University. He graduated from the Gymnasium before he was eighteen years old, in 1920, and planned to study at the University of Oslo. But the young man could not be satisfied by a life of books. He wanted to experience the harsh realities of life. He went to sea, not for fun, but as an ordinary seaman in a big freighter. He was then nineteen years old. From the book he published some years later about his experiences—as far as I am aware the only book of his that has been translated into English—*The Ship Sails On*, we can see how he felt. He both looked forward to and was afraid of the adventure he was embarking upon, and it was both like and unlike what he expected. Sometimes he was filled with the powerful impression of “life’s beauty and courage and pride.” Sometimes he was overwhelmed by the idea that happiness did not exist, that life was nothing but a succession of hopes and deceptions. The strongest sentiment, however, was that this was to *live*, and the final resolution was that nothing should force him to his knees. He went ashore stronger than he went out, in fact almost a fullgrown man.

The first fruit of the experiment was a small book of verses, his début as an author. There is not much to say about them, except that they are the natural outpourings of the easily affected sentiments of a youth of twenty. At least, they showed that it was his aim to be a poet. The prose novel, already mentioned, which followed two years later (1924) was a far more serious work and drew more attention. Indeed, it roused a rather general indignation by its frank, some people thought exaggerated, pictures of the bane of the seaman’s life, the reckless association with prostitutes in the ports. Anyhow, it became clear that here was an author who was in deadly earnest about his work. He would not be satisfied simply with expressing sentiments.

The eagerness for knowledge about life that had driven him to sea remained an integral part of his character. He went to England to study for a year at Oxford. Many years later, writing about an English poet who had been a student at Cambridge, he summed up the effect of his own studies by saying that there was a note of Greece in the two English sister universities: “It is like a soul of wisdom shining through the night, the pale lustre of centuries. Mental life comes to be no unreality to the young students. They attain manhood, harmony,

stored-up energies, so that afterwards they may master deserts and far-off outposts." In these words we see him maturing.

With a similar seriousness he continued his studies at the University of Oslo. There he won his degree, passing examinations in geography, history, English language and literature. I met him for the first time at the examination table and became interested in him. The compositions he wrote in answer to the questions in history did not attest to a remarkably large store of exact information; but what he knew he used with skill and understanding, honestly keeping within the limits of positive knowledge, without the slightest attempt at bluffing. So with full reason he could be given a very good mark.

In the same year that he completed his university studies (1925) he published a new book of verses, filled with hot words about love, longing, and dreaming, and with not a little of juvenile embittered feelings, all of it fairly ordinary, without any strong mark of individuality. The best poem in the collection was the simplest one, fortunately concluding the book, "At home again." I presume the author was recalling a little ruefully his own experiences when, several years later, he wrote about the first poetry of John Keats: "It appears the eternal paradoxical law that the tempest of early youth always expresses itself in the character of weakness."

This is true also of his earliest dramatic venture, appearing in 1927. To be sure, it revealed much more personality, a serious battle with the forces of life, a violent attempt to break through the contradictions and riddles of his own soul. His powers did not measure up to his intentions. Nevertheless, it is interesting to see his struggle, sympathetic even in its juvenile imperfections.

Obviously, he was straining to educate himself; he was thirsting for knowledge and experience. It was true about himself what he later wrote about Keats: "He bowed humbly before life. Days and nights, earth and heaven gave their meaning to him. He received." That was to him the great mystery of life, the faculty of receiving and of conceiving, the quality that he found so wonderfully expressed in Vigeland's statue of the great poet whom he certainly felt most akin to, Henrik Wergeland. And in order to receive he felt the need of keeping his soul open, nay more, keeping the wounds of his soul open, never allowing them to be encrusted under complacency.

During these years he was working as a journalist, and in that capacity he had wide opportunities for seeing and studying many aspects of life. In 1927, he even went as far as China to cover the civil war raging there, and he returned with his head full of new problems, the eternal conflict between violence and the ideal of love. That became

the theme of one of the two dramas he published that year, and the problem was to determine much of his later life.

His journalistic activities sent him far afield in his own country too. In particular he was deeply impressed, when travelling in the far north of Finmark, by the hard and laborious life in the narrow fjords and on the stone-clad shores. It became an essential part of his second book, which first made his countrymen realize that he was a coming man in Norwegian literature—a collection of poems published in 1929 under the ambitious title *Norge i våre hjerter* (Norway in our hearts). The pathetic watchword of the title he had created already the year before in his cantata for the national exhibition in Bergen:

Norway in our hearts,
live there, thou fatherland !
There thou shalt wave in tenderness
like wind in summer meadow.
There thou shalt roar in pride
like charred trees at the sea,
ring like a hymn to life
from the crags to the uttermost rocks.

The cantata gave indeed a deeply felt, compact, and impressive image of the life of Norway in all its fundamental phases, and formed a brilliant conclusion to the whole collection. Only a few of the other poems, however, reached the same height of virile sentiment. At least, they bore witness to a never-abating faculty for communicative youthful enthusiasm and for discovering deeds of patriotic meaning even in small everyday occurrences. Cool critics might find fault with the high-strung declamation, in Norway often characterized as "Bergen lyricism," but on the whole the book was received with hearty sympathy, and everybody felt the genuine seriousness of the author.

Grieg was in no hurry to publish new books. His primary urge was to saturate himself with the experiences of human life in its most tense and high-strung moods. He went to Russia, and was so fascinated by the colossal national experiment going on there that he remained in the country for several years. He did not become an active communist; he had in him too much of the mind of the poet who, above all, strives to understand and to identify himself with all the fighting forces of the human soul. He was what his Russian friends scornfully called a "gumanist" (the letter *h* in Russian speech replaced by *g*), a sympathizer more than a fighter. When, later, the civil war in Spain broke out, he went down there, as a newspaper correspondent, but also as a helper behind the front, often risking his own life.

Those were years of rich development, of a deepening social conscience, of an enlargement of human sympathy, of enthusiasm trans-

formed into indignation, which made his writings a succession of battles. During these years Grieg produced a series of dramas that put him in the foremost ranks of Norwegian dramatists of the last decade. They had a mighty appeal to some of the strongest and noblest cravings of the human will, the longing for justice, the desire to relieve suffering, the hatred of oppressors. They were constructed with great dramatic skill. In their technique they were influenced by the swift changes of the cinema and by the mass effects of the new Russian theater. Their heroes were not individuals, but whole classes of society.

First, in 1932, came *Atlanterhavet* (The Atlantic), a drama of modern sensationalism, in particular as evidenced by the juggernaut of journalism cold-bloodedly crushing personal happiness or life. Then, in 1935, *Vår øre og vår makt*, taking its title from a line of Björnson's poem: "Our honor and our power the white sails brought." It pictures how, during the former World War, the lives of the seamen were sacrificed for the profit of shipowners or for the avarice of spies. *Men imorgen*—(But to-morrow—), 1936, showing in somewhat obscure pictures, the conflict between on the one hand capitalistic war industry and ruthless Nazism, on the other hand pacifism and rebellious labor. At last, in 1937, *Nederlaget* (The Defeat), the drama about the Commune insurrection of Paris in 1871, presenting in imaginative wealth the ideals and the caricatures, the defeat and the hopes of the fight for a better world.

In particular the second and the fourth of these dramas were great theatrical success, evoking vehement discussions and disputes in wide circles. They were followed, in 1938, by the great novel *Ung må verden ennu være*, the title this time borrowed from a verse-line of Wergeland's: "The world must still be young." The subject is taken from the social upheaval in Russia and the civil war in Spain. It is a work parallel with and on a level with those of Hemingway or Dos Passos, perhaps even broader in its outlook. It presented in a side-show the superficial and ruthless hunting for profit and pleasure of a Norwegian business man with such scorn that people of his class forbade their wives to read the book. Essentially, however, it depicted the moral undermining of the man who, like a "gumanist," wanted to remain outside the fight of humanity as a mere spectator. The pictures of life it gave from Russia and, in a more kaleidoscopic way, from Spain, were profound and vividly true, and the book might well merit being translated for a larger public.

Through all the most important of Grieg's works you will find the everlasting struggle between belief in the victory of goodness and a

compelling urge to fight for the ideals of justice. Evermore you see the urge to fight prevailing. Finally, he himself became a fighter. He had prayed for it in one of the poems of *Norge i våre hjerter*:

Test me, ask for what I have and what I can do.
Allow me to give and love,
not with dead letters,
but with my life covering
thy naked soil!

The next war put him to the test. He was a conscript in the Norwegian army (compulsory service is provided by the Constitution of 1814), and during the Finnish-Russian war in the winter of 1939-40 he was stationed for three months in the neutrality guard at the Finnish frontier. Still he could not imagine Norway being drawn into the war. In the first days of April 1940 he came for a short visit to Oslo in order to discuss and prepare literary plans: a festival play centering about Henrik Wergeland to be performed in the open air in the place before the University on commencement day, and a film drama taking its subject from life in Finmark. There he was surprised by the signal of alarm and the German invasion. He hurried to report for service and, finding the military authorities already moved out of Oslo, he stole away from the city.

Grieg joined the army in Gudbrandsdal, and it became his job, together with thirty other privates, to escort the 1500 boxes of gold that had been rescued from the cellars of the Bank of Norway in Oslo. The leader of the expedition was Mr. Fredrik Haslund, and because Grieg was the only one of the soldiers who spoke English, he became the leader's right-hand man. For seven weeks he followed this gold by railway through Gudbrandsdal and Romsdal, by auto trucks to Molde, by motor boats along the coast northward to Tromsö, in a British cruiser across the North Sea to Scotland, and finally to London, almost uninterruptedly bombed from German planes or in danger from German U-boats and raiders. In this expedition he was really tested, and he stood the test, calmly and simply. He risked his life for Norway as a matter of course like thousands of other Norwegians.

By the end of May he was in London. On June 7, the King and the Government left Tromsö to continue the fight for Norway from London. The following night, while I was still staying at Tromsö for some political business, I was surprised by a visit from Mrs. Gerd Egede-Nissen, one of the foremost actresses of Norway. She had fled from Oslo because she would not submit to perform before the Germans, and she had just arrived by motor boat from Petsamo, tired and at this moment disappointed by the news of the departure of the Govern-

ment. Now she asked me to take her along to London, introducing herself as the fiancée of Nordahl Grieg. I had no other means to help her than appointing her as artistic adviser to the Foreign Office, and in this unique capacity, rather puzzling to the passport officials, she entered England. There she instantly married her fiancé, I personally, as substitute for the father, giving the bride away. Since that day Mrs. Grieg, who is a singer as well as an actress, has steadily stood by the side of her husband in the work of encouraging and cheering

Norwegian soldiers and sailors in their fight for Norway. They have virtually inspired each other.

The Norwegian nation has benefited greatly and will still benefit from the activities of Nordahl Grieg as its war poet. He has gone around to the Norwegian forces in Great Britain and in the Dominion of Canada, talking to them and becoming familiar with their life. He has visited the seamen in the ports and sailed with them across the Atlantic. He has lived with the people of London in their shelters and he has seen the coast guards of England fighting at their posts, gaining



Gerd and Nordahl Grieg in the Vermont Woods

London Til Halvdan Koht
I London den 24. vi. Nordahl Grieg
fra
en venstre
menne skysser.
 Vi ligger i mørket og lyder se bombernasjenes sang.
 Fra spinnerier i himlen kommer turbinenes sang.
 Rasmost, rusk! Melkeveien, gir flotte monsterværer.
 Så velles en last etter slaper, med huggverk av

First Stanza of the Poem "London" after the Poet's Manuscript

from their courage and faith inspiration for his work amongst his compatriots. He has told about his experiences in numerous articles in the Norwegian newspaper published in London since August 1939, communicating his courage to his fighting fellows. And he has interpreted his and their feelings in poems.

His first poem written in Great Britain, his "Song to the Norwegian Legion," July 1940, was a rather trivial piece, seeming to attest that the author's quality was not in composing songs for the use of masses. But he ascended true poetical heights with his next poem, "*Eidsvoll and Norge*," August 1940, inspired by the tragic sinking of the two ironclads at Narvik. Here again was the virile passion of his poem from the Seventeenth of May, only still richer and deeper in its feelings. Then, in November, came the magnificent "London." I cannot fancy a more superb hymn to the quiet, unflinching will to resist the brutal forces of destruction. And, in December, the most strongly moving of all his poems, the New Year greeting to the people at home, *Godt År fór Norge*, the letter that could not be mailed but would bear bitter witness to a deep-rooted love of home country never to be defeated. In all these poems a powerful mind, strengthened by suffering, speaks to us in stirring words. At the end of last year Nordahl Grieg surprised his countrymen by a national anthem intended for children, extremely simple in form, expressing and enhancing in brave and noble words the feelings of Norwegian children as shaped by the latest events. Indeed, Grieg's work in these years of struggle has given proof that here stands forth a true national poet.

Halvdan Koht, before he took the portfolio of the Foreign Office, was professor of history in the University of Oslo. Among his works are biographies of the Norwegian poets Henrik Wergeland, Ivar Aasen, and Henrik Ibsen.

Public Libraries in Denmark

BY IDA BACHMANN

*Formerly Head Librarian in the Public Library
at Maribo*

IT HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED again and again that dictators count books among their most dangerous enemies, and the burning of libraries has preceded the suppression of peoples and ideas. On the other hand, whenever democracy has flourished, it has done so hand in hand with libraries, to such an extent that the development of the public libraries of a country can be considered a pretty exact measuring stick for the democratic purposes of its rulers and legislators.

In the Spring of 1933, when Nazi Germany cleared the ground for its "new Europe" by burning first the Reichstag and then the books, the Danish Public Library, in the modern sense of the term, was only thirteen years old, the Danish Library Law having been passed in 1920. This law, however, far from designating any sudden break with an illiterate or book-less past, was only a continuation and consolidation of a century-long development. The history of Danish libraries reaches back to the Middle Ages, and that of public libraries to the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century.

Ten years before the discovery of America and three years after the establishment of Copenhagen University, the foundation of the University Library was laid by Professor Peder Albertsen, who donated a work on medicine and a few other volumes to the faculty of philosophy. At his death fifteen years later he bequeathed his library, consisting of 24 books, to the University on condition that the Cathedral of Copenhagen hold a yearly requiem for himself, his friends and benefactors. For centuries (until 1861) this venerable, slowly growing library was hidden away in the loft of Trinitatis Church, next to Runde Taarn. Until 1788 only university professors were permitted to borrow its tomes. Here it was hidden during the English bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807, suffering the destruction of only one book, entitled *Defensor Pacis*.

About 1660 the scholarly and book-loving King Frederik III founded his Royal Library, which for more than a century remained the private library of the Danish Kings, before it was made available to the public.

It would be impossible to write about public libraries in Denmark without first mentioning these two great institutions, the University Library of Copenhagen and the Royal Library, without which the Public Library would be only a torso compared to what it is today. However, in the history of public libraries proper, the year 1778 constitutes the beginning. In that year the historian Peter F. Suhm opened his splendid library in Copenhagen to the public. Regardless of profession, sex, or age, anyone who sought knowledge, information, or education was allowed free use of his almost 100,000 books and guidance by his librarian. It was in Suhm's library that the future philosopher Henrik Steffens, who had dressed carefully in his confirmation suit in order to look as old as possible, made the wonderful discovery that here was one place where youth was no hindrance; the librarian led him to the open shelves—an invention which was to be made all over again by American librarians a hundred years later—and invited him to look over the books for himself.

Another public library—in Maribo—was started around that time (1795) with similar vision, but by a man who had no barrel of gold, as Suhm had, to spend on it. The books were donated, at the request of the founder, by "the good people" of Lolland, and the library was established in a chapel of the cathedral, with a clergyman as librarian. It was an achievement not to be ignored to start a public library in the dark provinces nineteen years before the introduction of compulsory education. And what is more, this library has functioned—more or less efficiently—ever since and is now a fully modern public library. The establishment of these two libraries was the result of the ideals of freedom and general education which swept over Europe at the time of the American and French Revolutions.

During the Nineteenth Century numerous libraries came to life and suffered a natural death, for lack of funds and people who could run them—and also for lack of appropriate books. Books for an educated general public have not always existed. Fiction was apt to be either subtle or silly, non-fiction either strictly scholarly or superstitious. "Mathematics for the Million" and such other books, written by professionals in a language which can also be understood by non-professionals, are a newer creation, without which public education and public libraries can scarcely be imagined as lasting institutions. Libraries of the "Latin Schools" or "Learned Schools" functioned, open to the public, but patronized only by the few. And little by little private institutional libraries or town and parish libraries grew up, some failing, some fumbling, each one trying in its own way to serve its readers. But the Danish Public Library is a logical part of the democ-

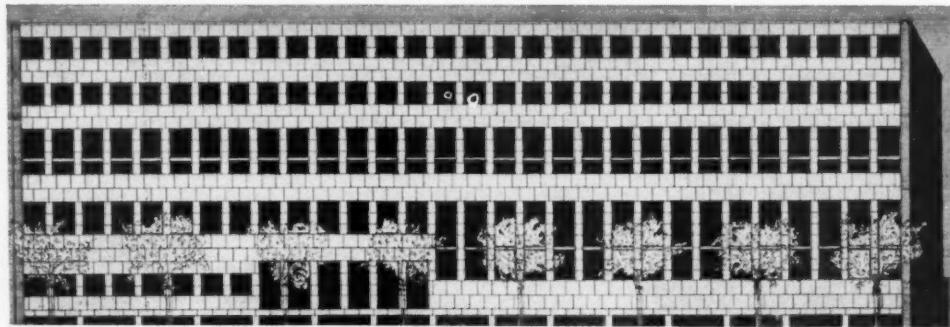
racy which has developed since the turn of the century, a consequence of it and a necessity for its further development.

A great event, still remembered by some as the beginning of a new era, was when the State Library in Aarhus was opened in 1902 with the purpose of serving readers outside of the capital. Several private and public libraries were incorporated in the Aarhus Library, and it could open with a large, though somewhat uneven book collection numbering some 200,000 volumes. In the early Thirties it became the official Library of the new University of Aarhus when that was opened, and at the same time it has retained its broader function as super-central for the public libraries.

In 1912-13 the Copenhagen Public Library (founded 1885) was reorganized as a modern institution, along the lines of public libraries in England and the United States, but wisely adapted to Danish conditions and needs; and very soon the provincial towns followed suit, with Holbæk and Vejle in the lead.

Thus the Library Law of 1920 was passed when the development of libraries was well on its way. The radical change which the law accomplished was that it gave the public libraries their official stamp as educational institutions, side by side with schools and University, subsidized by the State—provided they lived up to the standard of the law. Thanks to this State subsidy, granted in proportion to local subsidies, libraries were enabled to appoint professional librarians. A State Library School had already been established two years previously.

This time the library was built on a more solid rock than the desire of enthusiastic educators to give people books. The law was passed in order to meet a wide public demand, and it is this steadily growing demand which has placed the modern public library in the very center



Proposed Plan for a New Public Library in Copenhagen

of the Danish community. The library has become the source of information, of knowledge and cultural values, to which high and low, rich and poor, old and young turn without hesitation, and I venture to say without regret. The Danish public libraries never received great bequests, as have American libraries. Through many years they had to struggle with budgets that rarely kept pace with growing demands, with inadequate buildings, and shortness of personnel. And yet, depression or no depression, the demand from the public for more books and library service has been answered by the Danish authorities with steadily increasing library budgets. They are paid for by the people for the people, and in the end that is perhaps their strength, for it has freed them from duties toward anyone except the people.

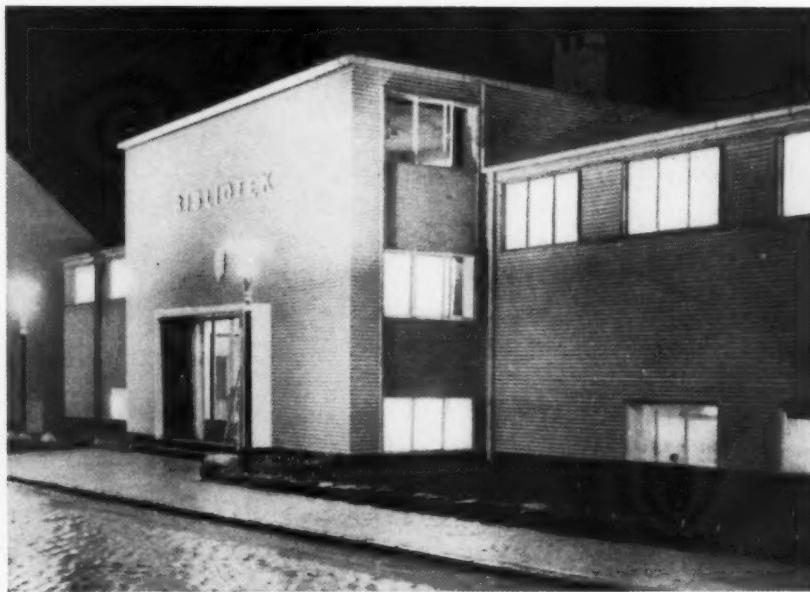
It is evident that in order to make the library serve the entire population, the constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press must also be adhered to in the selection of books. "If a library buys a book which everybody agrees is a good book, then you can be sure that the library has wasted its money on a poor book," said Th. Døssing, Director of the State Library Commission, at a recent library conference. "There is always disagreement about great ideas and great books, and only that library which in its book selection places itself in the center of conflicts, those of all times and those of the day, only that library can become a library for all." In those words he expressed the wise policy which, under his leadership, has so greatly increased the usefulness of the public libraries. If the Danish people had not been exposed for years to unbiassed and many-sided information about the conflicting ideas of our times, if they had not had an opportunity to work out their own convictions, based on knowledge, they could hardly have been as impregnable as they have shown themselves against today's deluge of Nazi propaganda.

With no Carnegie in the country, such tasks as building up of the book collections, training of librarians, establishing live contacts with other educational institutions, had to be solved before there was time or money for library buildings. But during the last five or ten years before the invasion one modern library building after another rose all over the country. The collaboration of architects and librarians has produced a striking style of which the illustrations will give an idea.* The public library buildings of Frederiksberg, Aarhus, Svendborg, Thisted, Kolding, Nyborg, Nakskov, and Faaborg are among the most outstanding examples of Danish library architecture. As a consequence

* I am indebted to Mr. Robert L. Hansen, State Inspector of Danish Libraries and Editor of *Bogens Verden*, due to whose immediate response I was able to procure these photographs before it was too late.—I. B.



*Central Library in Svendborg, a City of
9,000 Inhabitants. Built 1938*



*Nakskov, a City of 15,000, Has This Modern Library
Building. Erected 1939*

of the invasion, all building projects have had to be suspended, but in the dilemma between economic disaster and menacing unemployment, a few plans will be resumed—if it proves possible to get building materials.

Danish public libraries are indebted to America for many practical technicalities which have been adapted, if not copied, from this pioneer in the field. In certain other respects Danish libraries have done remarkable pioneer work and have, for that reason, been studied by many visiting librarians from other countries.

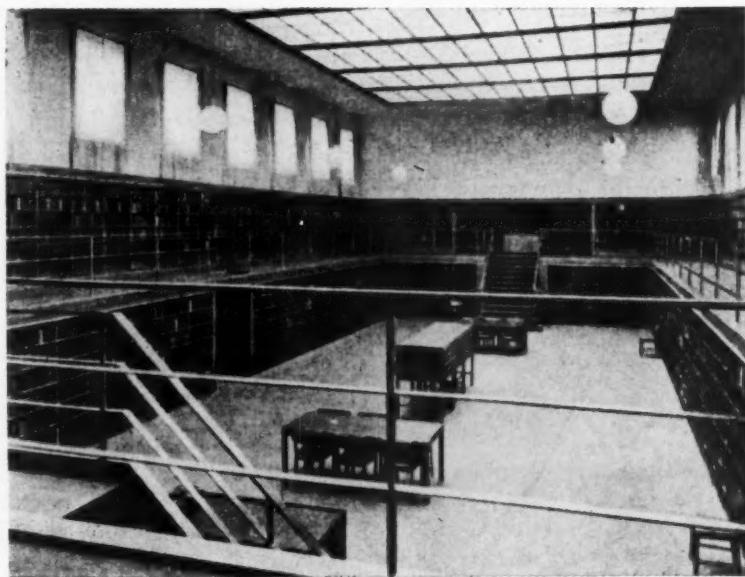
One secret of the very high standard of Danish library service is that each library, whether its book collection is counted in hundreds, in thousands, or in hundreds of thousands of volumes, has almost inexhaustible resources of books at its disposal. This is due to the Central Library System, originally planned in 1909 by H. O. Lange, then chief librarian of the Royal Library. In this closely knit system of economically and administratively independent libraries, the State Library at Aarhus with its 360,000 books is super-central for the 30 large central libraries, at least one in each *amt* (county) and ranging from 20,000 to 60,000 volumes each. The central libraries, in turn, supply book loans and professional help and advice to the town, village, and parish libraries of their districts.

With the tremendous growth in the use of public libraries, practically all other Danish libraries have been drawn into the system of cooperation, the Royal Library (950,000 volumes) and the University Library of Copenhagen (430,000 volumes) as well as numerous other scientific and special libraries, State-owned or private institutions. By a most efficiently working Library Information Bureau at the State Library Commission in Copenhagen, every library, and that means ever inhabitant, has access to the wealth of books owned by libraries in Denmark and also those of the neighboring countries. It will give a more concrete idea of the scope of this exchange of books when it is mentioned that during the last normal year (1938-39) the Library Information Bureau procured books from no less than 230 Danish libraries and 109 libraries abroad. Living in the provinces or in the country, at a distance from the big libraries, was formerly a drawback for people who were doing scholarly research work. The central library system of Denmark has done away with that difficulty and made it possible for a person to sit in the backwoods and, for instance, prepare for his doctor's degree. It is unnecessary to point out what this library system has come to mean for Denmark's professional people.

The average use of Danish public libraries just before the invasion was one book per month for each family or household, and this result



Entrance Hall to the Public Library at Nyborg, a City with a Population of 10,000. Built 1939



Circulating Room Seen from the Gallery, Public Library of Frederiksberg, a City of 113,000. Built 1935

had been accomplished through twenty years of peaceful labor. The Danish people had learned to use their books, for work and for leisure, for learning and enjoyment. From being a pastime, accepted by the poor because it was cheap, the Public Library developed into a center of information, from which stage it has further developed into a center of education, information, culture, and relaxation.

Under the German occupation, with its censorship, its banning of books, its menacing economic crisis and soaring taxation, the value of that achievement is being tested. During the first year of occupation, the use of Danish libraries increased about 50 per cent, and this was not a consequence of the black-out, for the highest increase occurred during the light summer months. It is simply that people have turned to where they know they can still find undistorted information and where they can keep alive their contact with European culture. So far Hitler has not burned the Danish libraries, but they are literally being consumed by their own borrowers. With 50 per cent more wear and tear, books will have to be discarded at a much faster rate than the normal budgets can afford to replace them. The Danish library authorities count on a deficit of one million Kroner for the present year (1941-42). However, an immediate economic collapse has been warded off, as many local administrations have granted very large increases in their library subsidies, increases which will influence the State subsidies next year, these being granted in proportion to local grants, and there is even a possibility of an extraordinary State subsidy for this year. Recognizing the importance of the Public Library in the present battle between the "new Europe" and European culture, which is both old and new, all leading newspapers, irrespective of political color, have advocated this wider support. And Denmark's librarians, always a hard-working lot, carry on while being put to their hardest test. Thus the Danish people, their governing authorities, and the librarians have agreed that this stronghold of democracy, the library, must be maintained at all costs.

Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire

BY CATHERINE GROTH SPARROW

MORE THAN ONE LOVER of children's books has been as puzzled as he has been delighted when meeting for the first time with one of the Parin d'Aulaire books. For these fascinating stories show such familiarity with the Northlands that the French name of the authors—even modified by the "Ingri"—comes as a most piquant surprise.

I became acquainted with the Parin d'Aulaire books several years ago, when the children were still small. We had spent the summer in the mountains in Norway, living in a more or less modernized version of a Peer Gynt log cabin, surrounded by quaint old rose-painted furniture. During the day we used to bask in the sun of the heather-covered plateaux, returning in the slanting rays of the sunset to tell stories around our corner *peis*.

It had been a lovely and different summer and I often wondered how to preserve its significance for the children. We are good Americans, we of foreign parents born in this country and we want our children to be American, but along with their New World education we want them to have an appreciation of the culture of the land of their ancestors. I wanted the children to love Norway, but how best go about it? Talking grows stale. One cannot always look at photographs.

And then someone sent us a copy of *Ola and Blakken*. The pictures could almost have been copied from the house we had been living in; the golden-haired children were like replicas of the children with whom mine used to play, and the stories in the book had the flavor of the old Norwegian fairy tales we used to tell in the evening around the fire. Part of my problem was solved: the *Ola* books made



Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire

the Norwegian summer live again in the hearts of the children.

But that was not all. My children and their friends were so captivated by the *Ola* books that from that time on they wanted every book published by the Parin d'Aulaires. And I was as captivated as the children, and became more and more interested in the personality of the authors.

It was therefore a great pleasure when Miss Hanna Astrup Larsen, Editor of the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW arranged for me to meet the Parin d'Aulaires at their place in the country. They



The d'Aulaires at Work on a Lithograph

have a most enchanting place near Stamford, just the sort one would expect them to have, with woods and a brook and a hill and a garden and a farmhouse transformed into a perfect studio home with large windows down to the ground opening up long vistas over forest land and country side. The buoyant handshake and brilliant smile, the frank, enthusiastic outlook on life which seems to radiate from Ingri Parin d'Aulaire could only come from a Scandinavian origin, but I was more perplexed by the quiet, observant manner of her husband. I therefore asked

bluntly: "What is your nationality? And which of you does which, in your books?"

"Both. We both draw, we both write, we both criticize, and we both agree. As to nationality—we are American, now."

In short, their collaboration in regard to their work is as complete as the fusion of their nationalities. For while she is a pure Norwegian, having been born in Kongsberg, Norway, the daughter of Per Mortensen of the Kongsberg silver mines, he had an American mother, a French father, a Swiss birthplace, and after marrying a Norwegian lived in Paris and

Norway until some twelve years ago when they both came to the United States and stayed here.

They first met while studying art at the Academy in Munich. Mr. and Mrs. Mortensen thought Paris too dangerous a place for their daughter to go to, when she announced her determination to become a painter, but after Ingri had been caught in a rain of bullets during the first Hitler uprisings, they decided that the moral dangers of Paris were less perilous than the physical dangers of Munich, so they fetched her in haste and brought her to the French capital. Mr. Parin d'Aulaire followed her there, and later to Norway, where they were married. For the following eight years they spent their winters in Paris and their summers in Norway, and Mr. Parin d'Aulaire became so proficient in Norwegian that now the couple always speak that language to each other.

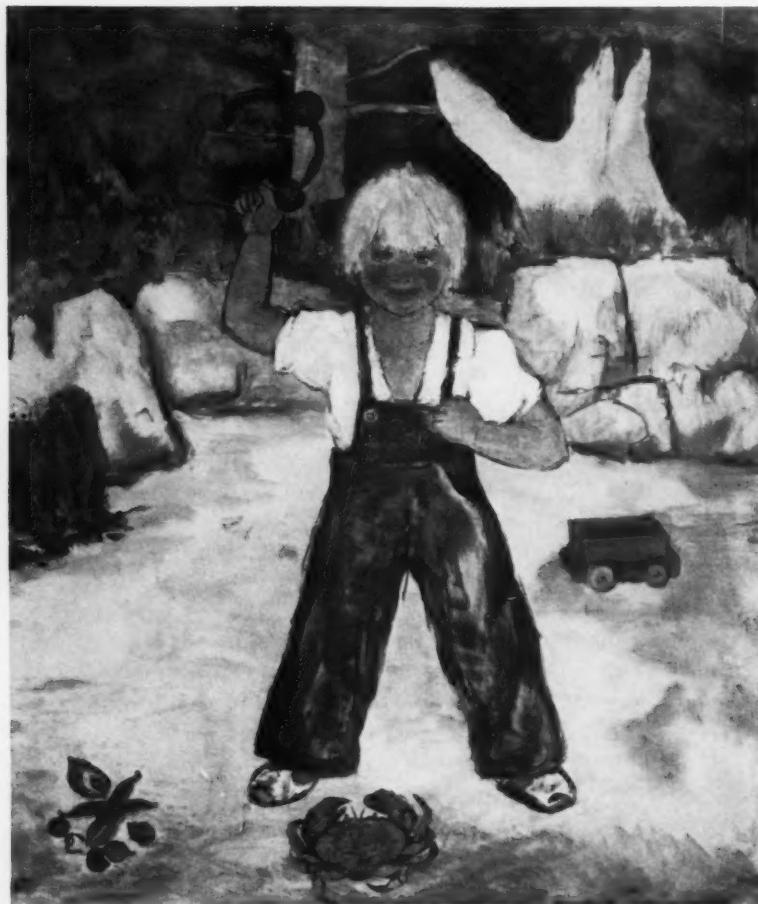
In Paris they lived in the Montparnasse Quarter, and frequented the ateliers of artists from all over the world. Mr. Parin d'Aulaire became known as an illustrator of rare editions of sophisticated books; Mrs. Parin d'Aulaire preferred portrait painting, especially of children. Picasso in his mastery of essential lines exerted perhaps the greatest influence on Mr. Parin d'Aulaire; his wife feels that her compatriot Edvard Munch exerted the most over her.

Meanwhile Mr. Parin d'Aulaire's mother wanted the couple to come to America, and this they finally did in 1929. During their visit here they met Miss Anne Carroll Moore, Superintendent of the New York Public Library. One of her main interests was the development of children's books and it was in talking to her that they decided to try their skill at that. *The Magic Rug* was the result, a story of wonderful adventures in the colorful land of Morocco, from which the Parin d'Aulaires had just returned. The book gave great scope to their amazing imagination and sense of color, as well as

to their love of accuracy of detail. Every detail of custom and costume is authentic, and this, combined with the story and the beautiful illustrations, gives value to the book.

The success of *The Magic Rug* was such that their publishers urged them to do another book, and this started them on their present career, where they gradually evolved an unusual method of work and collaboration. This collaboration is so complete that it is impossible to say for which part of it one or the other is responsible. After a subject has been decided on, each writes his own version of the story, which is then compared to that of the other, and then both eliminate and perfect unceasingly. In the same way each makes separate drawings of the points they wish to illustrate. Then their sketches are compared, discarded, or redrawn by one or the other until both agree on a definite design. Then this design is colored. But whereas the average artist sends his colored sketches to the publisher, and has him make the reproductions, the Parin d'Aulaires, like the craftsmen of old, sketch their own lithograph stones and color them. Edgar in this case usually sketches the outline; Ingri fills in the colors. As a different stone is required for each color, and their books are printed in five, and as for one of their books no less than fifty-five of these huge blocks weighing from 250 to 300 pounds were required, it will be realized that for the Parin d'Aulaires the publishing of a book does not only involve mental activity but physical work as well. It is, however, this method which accounts for the exquisite colors and soft contours of the illustrations. These could never be obtained if their sketches were photographed and reproduced mechanically.

Most of the Parin d'Aulaire books have a Scandinavian background, such as *Ola*, the famous golden-haired, blue-eyed boy whose travels take him all over his home-



My Son Ola
Painting by Ingri d'Aulaire

land. After *Ola* came *Ola and Blakken* which describes Ola's adventures on a farm in Norway, in the summer. This was followed by the fairy tale *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* and the story of the Lapp children, *Children of the Northland*. These books of Northern atmosphere were followed by books of American inspiration, such as *George Washington*, a fascinating child's biography of that great man, and *Abraham Lincoln*. The Parin d'Aulaires love and understand children. Any emotion affecting child life affects them; they seem close to the child and understanding him they lead him,

in turn, to greater understanding. Their beautiful *Lord's Prayer* is an example of this. In *Animals Everywhere* they have managed to make this rather hackneyed subject seem new and captivating. In their latest book *Leif the Lucky* they have made an unforgettable picture of Viking spirit and customs.

One of the things the Parin d'Aulaires insist on is accuracy—accuracy blended with the most fantastic flights of imagination and quaintness and beauty of design. It is this combination which is so unusual. The child's horizon is glamorously widened, yet every detail is authen-

tic and true. Before writing the life of George Washington, the Parin d'Aulaires searched for material not only in books and biographies, but went on a long hiking tour in the Virginia country to get the real feeling of Washington's boyhood surroundings. Before starting work on their *Lincoln*, they traveled with car and tent for weeks along the Lincoln Trail, camping out and stopping over to get in closer touch with Lincoln's wanderings.

The most arduous part of making a child's book, say the Parin d'Aulaires, is not the search for material, nor yet the writing of the text nor the sketching on the huge stones, but the sifting of the ac-

cumulated documents and facts, and the reduction of the whole to the understanding and vision of a little child.

While to the average American child a book by Ingri and Parin d'Aulaire may be just a very beautiful and highly prized treasure, to those of us with Scandinavian blood it is something more—a glowing link between the past that we knew and the future that we hope to see. And to the young Parin d'Aulaire, Per Ola, who looks so like *Ola* that it is hard to realize that he was born many years after the book was published, not the other way around, the books of his parents will be like the revelation of a promised land.

Norway in Our Hearts

BY NORDAHL GRIEG

Translated from the Norwegian by CHARLES WHARTON STORK

III

OUT in the dark that is bitter with fear
Two sundered lovers are yearning,
And higher their hearts are burning
The more that the night is vast and drear.
Our heart seeks the heart of Norway so,
There flames in the cold a quenchless brand:
Here are two ever faithful in weal or woe,
We and our land.

Lily

*The Story of Nebuchadnezzar Nebuchadnezzarson in Life
and in Death*

BY HALLDOR KILJAN LAXNESS

*Translated from the Icelandic by AXEL EYBERG AND
JOHN WATKINS*

I GAVE THE MAN this name just so that people would take notice of the story and think to themselves: "Ah, this must be an amusing story!" Otherwise I might have let it suffice to call him N. N., although neither of these names was used at the funeral which was held in connection with his demise. The truth is that I have either forgotten what his name was or have never really known it for certain. But what does that matter? For as you notice there is another name above that one, and this first name is really much more important, as we shall see when we have finished the story.

It is really a very long story. Indeed, it is so tremendously long that when I start thinking about it, I am often shocked at how long it is. . . . And yet it began with one of the shortest melodies I have ever heard. In fact it could hardly be called a melody. It was rather a fragment of a melody, the latter half of a short melody, and the biggest part of it was a single concluding note. And that one note was so long drawn out that from any consideration of reasonable proportion, one could rightly have imagined it to be the end of a great symphony by one of the better known composers. Thus with the higher art in mind I have passed this fragment of melody on to an acquaintance of mine who aspires to become a composer, so that he may use it in a symphony when he has attained sufficient stature and when the world has begun to take an interest in those melodies which have

their origin in the respiratory organs of the people of Snæfellsnes.

Now we shall hear the story.

It was when I was a student and lived in a basement in Reykjavik, in a wretched little hole separated only by a thin partition from the furnace room. One winter I noticed that this melody was always being sung, especially late in the evening after the fire had been banked for the night, in a dull hoarse voice like a wavy and woolly line. And on the last note it was as though the singer had forgotten to take a breath, so that finally the note died out and silence came of itself, as if the singer had died like the tone. Time passed, and nothing more was heard from him. But in a little while a kind of mumbling became audible, and this mumbling struggled hard to become musical notes, with long pauses in between, and it was obvious that the melody continued to live in the singer's breast, although the voice was hoarse and cracked and the tones came to grief on the vocal chords. Yet it never happened that the singer did not ultimately find himself again in this short melody with that long note, which, as has been mentioned before, is destined to become a great symphony.

Thus did he sing for me in the stillness, night after night, as the winter passed, and when I began to investigate the source of this evening song, I discovered that it was the man who looked after the furnace. As midnight approached he went away.

One evening I went into the little nook where the furnace stood. The embers glowed red in the darkness behind the half-open furnace door. And in front of the furnace sat Nebuchadnezzar Nebuchadnezzarson, almost invisible in the darkness, and sang.

"Good-evening," said I.

"Good-evening," came the answer from the darkness in an old, hoarse voice.

"It's warm here," said I.

"I'm leaving," said he.

"Isn't this your room?" I asked.

"No," said he.

"Oh, isn't it?" said I. "But still I've often heard you singing here in the evenings."

"I'm leaving," he said apologetically and got up.

"Oh, please don't go on my account. I just dropped in to see you because I've so often heard you sing."

"I don't sing," said he.

"But I've often heard you," I protested.

"No," said he. "I've never been able to sing."

"I've learned the melody," I said.

But he merely muttered something to himself and tried to slip out through the door behind me.

"Don't let me disturb you," I said.

"It's bedtime," he said and left.

One time in frost and snow I was shown a piano case behind some privies down by the shore. There lived Nebuchadnezzar Nebuchadnezzarson. Perhaps the man gets his inclination for music from living in a piano box, I thought.

A few evenings passed in silence.

But as time went on he forgot me again and began to sing as before the same fragment of melody with the same long note that died away. Then I went in to him again.

"Good-evening," said I.

"Good-evening," said he.

"You're singing," said I.

"No," said he.

"Where did you learn this melody?" I asked.

"Melody? That's no melody."

"But you're always singing one tune."

"I don't sing," he said. "I've never been able to sing."

"You hum," I protested.

Then he said: "I used to long to be able to sing at one time. But that's past. I never even think of it now. I just sit here in front of the furnace sometimes when I have finished banking the fire. But now I'm leaving."

"Where are you from?" I asked.

"From the West," he answered.

"Where in the West?"

"From Olafsvik."

"Is that a good place?"

"The sea is rough at Olafsvik as elsewhere," said he.

"Have you relations in the West?"

"They're dead."

"What did you do in the West?"

"What did I do? I did whatever came along, sometimes on sea, sometimes on land. All depending on what came along."

"Why did you come to Reykjavik?"

He was silent for a long time and finally replied: "It's all up with the West long ago. It's all up with the West."

"You were doubtless right in coming to Reykjavik," I said. "In my opinion Reykjavik is a much more agreeable place to live than anywhere else in the country."

He was silent for a long time and sat there on a box in front of the furnace. This time there was a light in the little furnace room, so he looked straight down at the holes in the toes of his boots.

"My first night here I slept in the cemetery," he said.

"Did you really?" I exclaimed, and added in order to cheer him up: "There are many who have had to be content to sleep more than one night in the cemetery."

"Yes," said he.

His cheeks were grimy and he had a gray beard that did not look as if it had been brushed.

"Your shoes are in bad shape," said I.

"That doesn't bother me," said he. "I found them down at Vatnsmyri the year before last. Somebody must have forgotten them in the peat bog."

He stood up and took down his hat, which was hanging on a nail behind the furnace. It was one of those derbies which business men wear when they are new, but which are generally thrown into the ash can when a rent appears between the crown and the brim or when some child has stuck a knife through the top.

"May I see your hat?" I said.

The hole in the top was big enough for a child's fist.

"Your hat's getting pretty old," I said, looking up at the ceiling through the hole. "But it has obviously been a good hat in its day."

I handed him back his hat. He took it and he too looked through the hole.

"It's not everybody that can read the Lord's Prayer through his hat," said he with a grimace. He had only one tooth.

Then the blessed spring came. It is never so tempting to loll out of the window and look at precisely everything that goes on in the street, especially the most trivial things, as in the spring when one is studying for examinations. At such a time one reads into what goes on in the street various learned significances.

On moving day a new family moved into one of the apartments on the middle floor of the house. I had somehow or other become aware of it, but of course it was no concern of mine. It was a man and his wife. They had one daughter, she might have been eight years old. Her name was Lily, and I guessed from her appearance that the couple were out-of-town people, for she had braids, they were blonde braids, and she wore home-made woollen stockings. The little girl played with the other children in the

yard outside my window, and her mother was terribly fond of her, for she leaned out of her window on the second floor most of the day directing the girl like a regiment with resolute commands:

"Look out for the car! Look out for the drunk man! Look out for the dog! Lily! Lily! Look out for the police!"

This was at the time when there were still old stone fences built of ordinary field stones between the lots in the town, and on the other side of the street there was one of these fences with a little green field behind it. But this was a rather quiet street, and on the fence sat Nebuchadnezzar Nebuchadnezzarson in the blue spring sunshine watching the children play in the yard. Admiration shone from the grimy face, through the unkempt beard. But as the day passed, the children grew tired and went home for a bite to eat. Lily was left alone in the yard playing hop-scotch all by herself, and then Nebuchadnezzar Nebuchadnezzarson called:

"Lily."

But she pretended not to hear and kept on hopping on one foot as if she were extremely interested in winning the game, and then Nebuchadnezzar Nebuchadnezzarson called again:

"Lily, my dear!"

But she still pretended not to hear and only after a little while did she look up at the window to see whether her mother was still there, but her mother had gone out into the kitchen to cook.

"Hasn't little Lily got anything to say to the old fellow Nebuchadnezzar Nebuchadnezzarson today?" he asked, from the fence. And he drew up out of his pocket a little paper bag which he had kept hidden all this time. At this the little girl walked straight across the street, a bit skeptically, with her hands behind her back, and looked down into his paper bag. Then she looked up at the window. There were raisins, if you please, in the bag. She still acted as if she were

not surprised at this and had little or no interest in it. But it wound up with their both sitting on the fence munching raisins, she ten to his one. At first she dangled her legs shyly and looked critically at his unkempt beard. Then she went on playing hop-scotch on the street in front of him. Her mother called down from the window and told her to come in to supper, but she came back in a little while because she knew there was still something left in the bag.

Thus the spring passed, and before long Lily was no longer skeptical of Nebuchadnezzar Nebuchadnezzarson, but ran to meet him when she saw him coming, dived into his pocket, and found for herself the bag of raisins. And sometimes in the evening they sat for a long time on the fence, and I felt sure the old man was telling the little girl stories, because she listened so attentively to what he was saying.

"Are they some relation to you, these people?" I asked, meaning the little girl's parents.

"They're from the West," he said.

"Then you know something about them?"

"Yes," said he. "That's her—Lily."

I couldn't quite make the man out. He seemed to me rather strange, but I didn't bother about that. It was no concern of mine. I had other things to think about. And even if I had discovered that these people were not from the West at all, but from the East, I shouldn't have felt like arguing about it with the old fellow.

He was just about twenty, I heard him say, and they had always known each other. She was just a few months younger. He offered to build her a little house on the Snout, with a tiny lawn and a vegetable patch, as was then the custom. At that time he was fishing on shares with the late Gudmundur, skipper of the *Hope*, and was doing well. But he never could sing. Her name was Lily.

"And then what?" asked the little girl.

But I had no time to eavesdrop any longer and thought to myself: "He's just telling her some old story from the West."

In the autumn, I came back from the North, and one day as I was chatting with some friends on the street corner, I noticed a man standing staring at me a short distance away. He waited for me to say good-bye to them, and when I had done so, he overtook me and stretched out his dirty hand: "Nebuchadnezzar Nebuchadnezzarson."

"What's new?" I asked.

"Nothing," he answered.

"Was there something you wanted?"

"No," said he. "I just wanted to see whether you'd recognize me."

"Of course," I said. "And what's more, I still know your melody. How's your little girl friend?"

"They've taken away my old-age pension," he said, "—that thirty crowns."

"Why?"

"That fellow Joseph said I was using it to buy raisins. But you must know a lot about the law."

"Who is that fellow Joseph?"

"He's a relation of mine. He sometimes helps me out with a little fish or something."

"Look here," I said, "You ought to go to the mayor about that." For I didn't have time.

"I don't know," said he. "It doesn't make much difference. I may perhaps be able to get a house this winter."

"A house?"

"Yes, like last year."

"Aren't you going to look after the furnace in the house you had last year any more?"

"No," said he. "It's all up with everything in that house. It's all up with that house."

"How's that?"

"Oh, I dunno," he said.

"Good-bye," said I.

"Good-bye, sir," said he. "And thanks for your kindness."

He lifted his hat.

I did not see him again to take any notice of him until many years later. I was then a medical student. He was carried into the morgue in a sheet, and I recognized him although he had been cleaned up. I had no feeling for him beyond that which one has for dead men who have been outcasts of society, and it was not until after the funeral held in connection with his demise that I noticed the congruity in his life and death. This was a man of whom nobody expected anything. He was found dead in his piano box. Nobody really knew his name or where he came from, much less what had been the aim of his life. Even on this dissection day I could not remember the melody he had sung. One thing was certain: he was carved up with scientific precision, and we scrutinized his insides with more attention than he had ever been looked at from the outside in all his life.

But why should I be telling about this here? It is long since I lost interest in medical science and turned to other subjects. But as so many years have gone by since then, I shall confess that a little fraud was practised upon him in the name of science. As a matter of fact, his bones were removed and polished. His skeleton is now used for scientific observation—I shall not say where—but the rest of the corpse was discarded. This was a scientific secret and conspiracy, and we put gravel in the coffin. One of the group took charge of that, and we followed him to the grave, a few of us medical students, in order to prevent anybody from taking a peek at the corpse at the last moment. We carried the coffin into the church and out again.

It was indeed a day of appalling irony. It was just two days before Christmas. The funeral was rushed through before it was quite daylight, and what made it extraordinary was the circumstance that

the church was draped in black ceremonial crepe, because at noon on this very same day was to be buried one of the most distinguished consuls-general in the city. As has been said, Nebuchadnezzar Nebuchadnezzarson was squeezed in on account of the effrontery of the cemetery officials, who proclaimed that, because of the Christmas celebrations so near at hand, this man would have to be buried today or never. And it was a downright scandal that such a no-account funeral should be held with the church hung in mourning.

A northeaster was blowing and we hustled the coffin in through a shower of hail. Our chief worry was that the bottom might fall out and the gravel spill down on the church floor in the midst of all this solemnity and sorrow. And when we got half way up the aisle I became so agitated by the creaking of the shoddy coffin that I could not keep my tongue off the silly fool who had been charged with "laying out" the gravel. Besides, the weight of the coffin was well nigh crushing us. We sat down in the front pew as if we were some sort of relations of the deceased, and the pastor hurried in from the vestry looking rather shamefaced, as was to be expected, over this misuse of the mourning draperies (God help us if the Consul's family should get word of it!), and delivered like a shot the brief funeral sermon he had held the week before over an insignificant woman from out of town. Naturally he tripped up time and again when he was supposed to say "our late beloved brother" and it was written in the sermon "our beloved sister." Once he even blurted out that "this late beloved sister of ours was sorely lamented by her surviving husband and children in another part of the country." I was deathly afraid that somebody would notice this nonsense and looked back over my shoulder into the church. But the funeral procession, aside from the undertaker, consisted solely of one old woman, deaf I hoped, who sat far back in the

church, and I tried to console myself with the idea that she had come in only to get out of the hail and had otherwise no interest in who was being buried.

But when we had carried the coffin out again and the hearse had begun to crawl away, who should make as if to follow to the cemetery but this old woman with her black Sunday shawl around her wrinkled face and her blue striped apron? So I and two others saw nothing else for it but to trudge along behind to keep an eye on things and if necessary to prevent the old woman from raising a rumpus at the cemetery. For indeed we could not feel easy about this funeral until the grave had been filled in. Finally, however, my two companions wearied of this wandering, and slipped off into the Café Uppsala, and it fell upon me to keep watch on the funeral procession all the way. So we tramped along after the coffin, this old woman and I, with the pastor and the undertaker, both in high silk hats.

After the grave had been filled in and the pastor and the undertaker had gone, the old woman stood there still, looking at the earth in the hail storm. I lingered at the gate of the cemetery, but she did not come, so I turned back to the grave again.

"What are you waiting for anyway, my good woman?" I asked. "Did you know this man?"

She looked at me half in fear, and when she finally tried to answer, her face contorted with pain, her lips trembled, and the corners of her mouth dropped, so that I could see she had lost her teeth. And her old red eyes filled with tears. I have described somewhere before how unpleasant it is to see old people cry.

"Don't cry, my good woman," I said. "He is with God."

"Yes," she said and dried her tears with the corner of her apron.

"You ought to go home before you get a chill," said I, for I did not want the woman to hang around there any longer.

We walked together through the cemetery.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I come from the West," she said.

"You are not from Olafsvik?"

"Yes."

"Then you knew him of course."

"Yes, we were of the same age. Then I married in the South. I lived for forty years in Keflavik."

"What is your name?"

"My name is Lily."

"Is your husband living?"

"No, he died long ago."

"Have you any children?"

"Oh, I've brought thirteen of them into the world," answered the woman with such a resigned note in her voice that I understood at once that she must have at least sixty grandchildren.

"There are many strange things," I said. "He was always lonely."

She trudged along silently at my side over the grave mounds and I hardly expected that she would answer me further; a new storm was on its way across Skerjafjörd. So I prepared to take leave of her in the gate of the cemetery and took off my hat.

"Good-bye," I said.

She stretched out to me her old, bony hand and looking straight at me, the only partaker in her grief, she said: "I too was always lonely."

And then her face again got out of control and again she raised the corner of her apron to her eyes and turned away.

And here ends the story of Nebuchadnezzar Nebuchadnezzarson, who spent only one night in the cemetery.

How Sweden Feeds Herself

BY EWERT ÅBERG

Fellow of the American-Scandinavian Foundation from Sweden

FROM THE FIRST scratching of Swedish soil with primitive tools to the last wheel in the modern agriculture of the machine age, is a long story. Perhaps the most important event in that age-long development was the passing of laws at the end of the Eighteenth and the beginning of the Nineteenth Century allotting to every farmer an undivided piece of land in which his own farm buildings formed the center. Before that time large areas were used in common by farmers who lived close together in a village. This arrangement did not give the more progressive an opportunity to try out their own ideas, and consequently the output as a whole did not keep pace with the increased needs of a growing population. When the farmers became free to do their best, each on his own farm, the more enterprising among them began to use modern methods and to introduce modern machinery. The result was a steady increase in production throughout the country. This increase was especially accelerated in the period between the first World War and the present war. Today, in spite of the fact that only 9 per cent of the land area is used for agriculture, Sweden is almost self-supporting in the matter of farm products. True, this production depends to some degree on the importation of certain fertilizers, seeds, and concentrated feed. About two and a half million people, or 40 per cent of the population, are engaged in farming. About 80 per cent of all the farms are managed by their owners.

Swedish farms are small, about 95 per cent of them being less than 250 acres. Consequently, the farmer who wants to

live on the income from his land has to use intensive farming in order to get high yields. This being so, it is obvious that research associations and experimental stations take on tremendous importance, as likewise do farm bureaus and economic farm organizations working in direct contact with the farmers. The Agricultural College at Uppsala, the Plant Breeding Stations at Svalöv and Weibullsholm, the Swedish Agricultural Association in Stockholm, and the Farm Schools all over the country are examples of different institutions for the benefit of the farmers.

It was not before the fall of 1938 that the Swedish Government began seriously to grapple with the problems that might arise in case Sweden should be isolated by a war. Much has been done since that time, but still it has not been possible to prevent a shortage of some products and a decrease in production as a whole. This is worth thinking about, now that Sweden has been almost completely shut off from the rest of the world. The high yields in the years before 1940 had strengthened the hope of producing enough food for normal consumption even during a period of isolation. Unfortunately this hope was dashed by the weather conditions in 1940 and 1941 which were so poor that the yields were the lowest Sweden had had for a quarter of a century.

To mention only a few items, the milk production has been decreased by 20 per cent and the egg production in 1941 was 40 per cent lower than in 1939. There has been a decrease in the live stock, which does not augur very well for the meat and dairy production. If the isolation continues a long time, it may be

serious. Some concern is felt about the supply of fats, which in Sweden are obtained chiefly from animal husbandry. Bread and flour have been available in almost normal quantities, thanks to the wheat and rye that had been stored and could be used to eke out the yield of 1940. Some supply is left for the present year and a little for next year, but unless we get a normal wheat crop in 1942 the situation will change for the worse. It is estimated that up to October 1941 the consumption of staple foods in Swedish homes had been reduced by the following amounts: fats 33 per cent, eggs 50 per cent, flour and bread 16 per cent, sugar 15 per cent, and pork 40 per cent. Beef is used in about the same quantities as before the war.

These figures do not mean that the Swedish people are close to starvation, but on the other hand they do not indicate a very good food situation. They make it clear that the farmers must produce as much as they possibly can. There are two groups of plants that must be given increased areas. One is the group containing starch and sugar, which is used directly for human consumption. The other is the group containing proteins and oils, some of which are used directly for human consumption, while others are used for live stock as fodder. Increase in the growing of fiber plants, drug plants, etc. has also been recommended, but none of these is as important as the two groups mentioned above.

Old meadows with a low yielding capacity have been ploughed up and seeded with wheat and rye, and in some places fallows have been abandoned and used for cereals and sugar beets. Sometimes oats and barley have given place to bread cereals. To encourage the planting of wheat and rye, a part of the price for these crops is paid in the form of a bonus for every acre seeded.

Plants yielding oil and proteins, such as field beans, soy beans, seed-flax, pop-

pies, sweet lupine, and rape, have been introduced in recent years. They are not especially well adapted to the climate of Sweden, as the growing season is too short for most of these plants and there is not enough sunshine during their vegetation period. The cost of cultivating them will therefore be relatively high, but this of course is a secondary consideration during an emergency. In 1941 about 40,000 acres were seeded to oil and protein producing plants, and it is estimated that the yield was worth two and a half million dollars. The task of the plant breeders is now to develop strains that shall be hardy enough for Swedish conditions.

The protein plants used for feeding live stock are chiefly grasses and legumes. The proper management of pastures, correct harvesting, and curing of grasses and legumes for hay are tremendously important. It has been estimated that about half of the protein needed for fodder for live stock could be obtained from our own fields by using more efficient methods—and hoping for fair weather. But artificial drying with electric dryers will make us independent even of the weather. True, these methods are still in the experimental stage, but they will certainly prove important for the period of isolation still remaining. During the bad seasons of 1940 and 1941 the need for substitute fodder was met partly by cutting reeds and the leaves of trees, and—more important—by the use of wood pulp or cellulose. Wood pulp is a carbohydrate which does not contain any proteins or minerals, so these have to be added in the form of molasses or skim milk.

Naturally these changes in production have made the work of the farmers harder. The calling of young men to the colors has decreased the number of available laborers, and the shortage of oil and gasoline for tractors has added still further to the labor problem. The latter has in part been met by the rebuilding of tractors for charcoal or wood. The scar-

city of farm laborers has been relieved by the organization of labor units. The owners and laborers on a number of farms in one neighborhood have been banded together under one man who is responsible for the work on all these farms and has full authority to direct man-power, horses, and machinery wherever they are most needed. The army of workers has also been augmented by a number of young girls who have volunteered for farm work and can be drawn upon if need be.

So far we have dealt with the farmers' contribution. The government has attempted by careful regulation to make available products go as far as possible. Fortunately, rationing was started early and has insured an equitable distribution among all classes of people. At present the only farm products that have not yet been rationed are vegetables, milk, and potatoes. In order to prevent a shortage of bread, very exact regulations have been made as to how the wheat flour is to be mixed with 15 per cent rye, 6 per cent barley, and 2 per cent potato starch. In order to release barley for bread, the use of barley for brewing and distilling has been cut 80 per cent. Milk sold to consumers has been standardized to contain 3 per cent butter fat in order to release more fat for butter production.

On the whole, the arrangements for solving the food situation must be considered satisfactory. By means of a well-organized system it has been possible, after two years of isolation and two years of very poor harvests, to face the year

1942 without fear of starvation before the next crop is ready for harvest.

It must be obvious to any one that farming under the conditions described must increase the cost of production, and it has been calculated that the cost of living in Sweden has risen 34 per cent from August 1939 to August 1941. The government has appropriated 231,000,000 kronor in order to keep down food prices while assuring the farmers of high enough returns to cover the expenses of production. In spite of this, a number of farmers have had their economy severely dislocated by the poor harvests in the last two years. It is the aim of the government to help these farmers with cash to buy fertilizers and seed, and the Riksdag has appropriated money for that purpose. Loans are to be given for a period of five years without interest and in some cases without security.

The question is often asked how many of these emergency measures will be made permanent. It is hard to predict, but we can say that, of the newly introduced plants, soy beans, sweet lupine, and seed-flax will probably be bred for Swedish climatic conditions and will remain permanent additions to our stock of cultivated plants. Artificial drying of grasses and legumes is almost sure to be continued. Charcoal and wood tractors are likely to remain in use. The experiences from the emergency period are important, and the research institutions and cooperative associations have been so useful during the isolation period that their future is assured, which means another step toward still better agriculture in Sweden.

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A Message from the Foundation

BY JAMES CREESE

Speech at the annual Christmas party of the New York Chapter at which Crown Princess Märtha was guest of honor

WE CAN NOT PRETEND with entire success that this is an ordinary Christmas, or that this is an ordinary Christmas party of the Chapter.

It is a Christmas of war, blockade, and peril all over the world, and none of the countries to which we owe actual or sentimental allegiance is exempt from the hardships of this moment of history.

But it is a Christmas also of pride in the fortitude of people in danger, and of confidence that in the end and before too long, the ideals of good will, peace, and freedom will prevail over the pagan forces of hatred, war, and slavery.

As for this gathering, it too is different from any other Christmas party of the Chapter in the past. The presence of your Royal Highness reminds us of the difference. To you we offer our most sincere and heartfelt greetings, and to your children, welcoming you all as ministers plenipotentiary and envoys extraordinary from the homes of Norway to the people of the United States.

A man I know wrote a book a little while ago in which the hero—like Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee—was transported back across fifteen hundred years to Rome of the Fifth Century when the civilized world was disintegrating. The Rome in which the hero of that book awakened had been overrun by Goths and Vandals. Its political unity and world power had been destroyed.

In that Rome, an unwilling visitor from the Twentieth Century was marooned. He had to earn his own living. He did it by distilling and selling to the Fifth Century Romans a drink not then known in the world—brandy.

It was the author's idea—which I am tempted to accept—that any change, no matter how trifling, even so small a change as the anachronism of brandy in the Italian kingdom of the Goths, would inevitably modify the whole course of history thereafter. To alter a single event is to alter every subsequent event. So the hero of this tale, standing at the edge of what we call the Dark Ages, said to himself that he had actually laid his hand upon history and had revised it. Perhaps after him there would be no Dark Ages.

This is a philosophy of encouragement to the lone man. It prompts him to believe that the affairs of his life are necessary, and that what he does may even affect the great affairs of human history.

The institution in whose name we meet tonight, is not one of the great, amply endowed, and powerful foundations. But its accomplishments over the past thirty years are not insignificant, and we confidently believe that the cause of international good will which the American-Scandinavian Foundation represents will in time prevail.

It is now more than thirty years since there was "constituted a body corporate by the name of the American-Scandinavian Foundation for the purpose . . . of maintaining an exchange of students and teachers and for supporting all other forms of educational interchange between the United States of America, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden."

I myself have had the pleasure of working with the Foundation for more than twenty years, as a member of the staff and as a member of the governing board. I have known a great many of the Fellows of the Foundation, young men

and women selected abroad to study at our universities or in our industries, or chosen here by the Committee on Scholarships which Professor Hovgaard long directed, for study at Scandinavian universities. I have seen the roster of the Foundation's former Fellows (its Alumni) grow year by year from 500 to 900. Some of them were destined to win great awards—even the Nobel Prize; some few have taken high places in their home governments—an assistant secretary of agriculture in this country, a Minister of Church and Education in Sweden; all of them were young people of superior promise and accomplishment, and they hold key positions today in the academic, artistic, professional, and business communities of their several countries.

At the time of the invasion of Denmark and Norway on April 9, 1940, the Foundation had four Fellows in those two countries and eight Fellows in Sweden. It was obviously a duty of the Foundation to call them home immediately and to provide what credits and aid were necessary to get them here. But there were Fellows from abroad in this country who could not so easily be returned to their homes. Even at this moment there are in the United States 64 Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian Fellows and honorary Fellows of the Foundation, most of them appointed in 1938 and 1939. The Foundation has been able to help 33 of them to obtain quota visas or otherwise to define their status here so that they could find work in which they may be self-supporting; seven others have been granted scholarship stipends by American colleges and universities; and 24 are still pursuing the studies for which they were originally appointed. In addition, the Icelandic government has sent 26 students here under our auspices, and we have at least a nominal responsibility for a group of 12 school-boys from Greenland. Counting all these, the present roster of our Scandi-

navian students in this country contains 102 names.

I give you these figures to show that the Foundation's work for foreign students is far from being liquidated, though no new appointments are now being made.

The Foundation has continued to do these things for which it was established. We have continued the publication of books. We have continued the publication of the REVIEW, which has supplemented its quarterly summaries of current events in the Northern countries by a series of eight special bulletins, distributing in all nearly 100,000 copies of these bulletins on conditions and events on the Scandinavian front. This is no time for the Foundation to suspend its work. Now if ever there is need in America for clear, responsible, independent, American speech and writing in behalf of the Scandinavian countries.

I need not recite to you again the history of the Foundation as a publishing house, nor list its books which have contributed to the great prestige in this country of Scandinavian scholarship and letters. I need not analyze the contents of the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW, now beginning its thirtieth year. You know it. It is not necessary for me to remind you that our REVIEW has never been used for propaganda, has never given praise unworthily, has never traded publicity for favors, has never sought popularity by sensationalism. I think the REVIEW is the most honest magazine in America, and at this moment, a reputation for intellectual honesty is the best asset that a journal speaking for the Scandinavian North can possibly have.

What do we mean when we say that the Foundation is non-political? Surely we do not mean that it has no interest in political accomplishments or the political fate of the free peoples of the Scandinavian and American democracies. Surely we do not mean that it makes no difference to us that Denmark is held captive,

Norway savagely assaulted, and Sweden hemmed in by warring powers. No one can expect us to speak politely of Hitler.

When we say that this Foundation is non-political, we mean, I believe, just three things:

1) That we have no preference among freely operating political parties here or in any other country;

2) That we seek in no way to influence the internal or international political policies of any government. It would be presumptuous for us to attempt it;

3) That we are not subsidized by any government and are under obligation to no government.

In one great sense, the Foundation is frankly and, I know, persistently political: it identifies itself with the cause of free Norway, with the cause of free Denmark, and with the cause of free Sweden. While they are not free, America can not be wholly free either.

Our entry into the war is, therefore, a pledge. It is a pledge that America's energies, her economic power, her manpower on the production front, her manpower on the combat front—all she has, including the lives of her people—is to be used and expended to restore freedom where it has been cast down. It is a pledge to China. It is a pledge also to Denmark and to Norway. It is a pledge to Sweden—and to Finland. It is, I believe, a pledge also to the oppressed of Germany.

Do you remember—I am sure you do—the addresses made here in the Twenties by Fridtjof Nansen of Norway? In 1923 he came at the invitation of the Foundation and spoke in every great city from the coast to the Dakotas. I travelled with him. He spoke before this Chapter on the evening of November 6, 1923.

Many of you must have heard him. You must remember as clearly as I do the grandeur of his figure and the glory of his speech. He spoke of the Storm Centers of Europe. He was the man who had stopped Mussolini at Corfu. He had seen

the conditions of Russia and central Europe from which war might again arise.

As High Commissioner of the League of Nations he had saved more lives than any other man of our time, by the repatriation of prisoners of war, by relief of famine, and by the reestablishment in new homes of the lost and persecuted.

I remind you of that event of November 1923, because I mean to quote—as our Christmas message of 1941—the last sentences of his address to this Chapter:

"War seems to me a monster shaped by man in human form. Its inventor has at last succeeded in breathing life into it, and with a long claw-like hand it reaches out and strangles its maker. . . . It is not enough to try to erect barriers against war or to provide means of settlement. We must do more; we must take away the very cause of war. We must bring into international life the spirit of brotherhood, of cooperation, of friendship. National conduct should be guided by justice, by reason, by a sense of brotherhood. In the end these motives must win over brute force.

"At the highest point on the frontier between Chile and Argentina, 13,000 feet above the sea, stands a colossal figure of Christ. The right hand is stretched out in an attitude of blessing, and the left hand holds a cross—the blessing of good will and the cross of faith, of confidence. And beneath is written: 'These mountains themselves shall fall and crumble to dust before the people of the Chilean and the Argentine Republic forget their solemn covenants at the feet of Christ.' On the other side is written: 'He is of peace who hath made both one.'

"Can not we bring forth such a spirit to rule the world? You all remember the words of the dying Roman emperor, 'Thou hast conquered, Galilean.' Surely there is still hope for a tortured world! For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

THE QUARTER'S HISTORY



IN THE GRIP OF a winter said to be the most severe since the "Poltava winter" of 1709, and with rations on food and other essentials tightening — due partly to very small imports and partly to two successive years of inferior crops — Sweden faced 1942 in a spirit of political unity, grimly determined to pursue unwaveringly her often proclaimed path of neutrality. Some recent food regulations decreed less fat contents in milk, the rationing of potato flour and potato flakes, a reduction in the meat allowance, and the introduction of meat cards in restaurants. The entire 1941 crop of brown beans was reserved for the Army. In order to save rubber, the speed of buses and trucks was ordered reduced. Despite the arrival of tens of thousands of welcome gift packages from the United States, the coffee ration was cut in half to about one half pound a week per person for a twelve week period, beginning January 20. Households and restaurants will not receive any coffee during spring and summer. In this way a limited quantity is saved for distribution on cards next autumn and winter. Fish and potatoes and other root vegetables, however, are not rationed, and there was plenty of both, although the price of fish was fairly high, due to the difficulties besetting the fishing fleet on the west coast in the shape of mines, pack ice, and possible sinkings by torpedoes. The bread ration also was reduced in January. A clothes rationing system became effective on January 1. Cards containing a certain number of points were distributed, and articles of wearing apparel containing wool, artificial wool, cotton, or linen are obtainable

only against surrendering a certain number of points. No shoe rationing was planned. Each card is good for eighteen months and the coupons are interchangeable within families. While the clothes rationing meant a reduction in the hitherto normal amount of purchasing, the plan was not considered a harsh one in view of the well-stocked wardrobe of the average Swedish citizen. Despite these and other restrictions, the general feeling in the country was one of thankfulness and good humor. "Lots of people are much worse off than we are," the people were saying. "We certainly are not starving. We have nothing to complain about."

POLITICALLY, too, the country was imbued with a spirit of hope and courage, which found expression in addresses by leading persons. Thus General Ivar Holmquist, commander of the Swedish Army, greeting the troops at New Year, lauded their discipline and declared that their morale was finer than ever. "We have been hardened by training and toughened by cold weather," he said. "We believe in our own strength, and that our cause is a good one." In a statement in *Social-Demokraten* on January 1, Premier Per Albin Hansson, while admitting that there had been differences within the coalition Cabinet over internal questions, said that the unity of the Cabinet was in no jeopardy. "The feeling of common responsibility for the whole policy of the country in these trying times always overruled any differences on isolated questions," said the Premier, adding, "This feeling is stronger now than it was two years ago." In announcing, on January 12, Sweden's third defense loan, aimed to raise 700,000,000 kronor, Mr. Hansson said: "We have been told from some quarters how decadent we are; how we are gathered around the

fleshpots. My view is entirely different. The Swedish nation is not effete and it knows today, even as it did in September 1939, that Sweden is in the danger zone. We cannot think of peace without freedom, and we want to preserve both peace and freedom for our children. This new defense loan will equal the success of those which have preceded it because the nation feels that we all have something in common, something valuable enough to make us sacrifice anything to retain its possession."

THE CONTINUED COURAGEOUS stand of Norwegian patriots against Nazi oppression was unanimously and repeatedly praised in the Swedish press. Thus the Liberal *Dagens Nyheter* wrote that "the holy fires of freedom burn stronger in Scandinavian minds than ever before, and every violation of the rights of free men adds fuel to it. The Swedish people do not intend to abandon their position," continued this paper. "They know what to expect if Sweden comes under foreign domination. Norway provided Sweden with an object lesson. Nothing during the past year has had a more profound effect in making the Swedish people appraise the realities and strengthen their self-determination than the attempts, by force, to recruit Norwegians for service under an alien system, and the tenacious, passionate resistance to these attempts encountered by the Germans and their henchmen," the paper emphasized. "If anybody imagined that the brutalities of jailers or the bullets of execution squads would paralyze the will of the Norwegian people to resist, they were as wrong as in assuming that reports of such tactics would send the Swedish people into a state of fear and fatalistic subjection."

CONFIRMATION OF RUMORS that Dr. Didrik Arup Seip, fifty-eight-year-old Rector of Oslo University, had been con-

demned by the Germans to thirty days' solitary confinement in a dark cell at the Grini concentration camp on a bread-and-water diet, was published in *Dagens Nyheter*. The paper editorially called this "an unparalleled punishment representing the culmination of a series of violent methods to which leaders of Norwegian academic life have been subjected simply because they have refused to act in a manner contrary to their conscience as good patriots." The editorial added: "Seip is the premier academician of Norway in the nation's fight against the growing shadows obscuring the light of reason. . . . But even the strongest will can be broken by treatment like this. . . . Such judgment on a sexagenarian . . . harks back to the Middle Ages." *Stockholms-Tidningen*, echoing general Swedish abhorrence of the sentence meted out to Dr. Seip, stated: "The impression that this and all other events in Norway today make upon the Swedish mind is ineffaceable."

Another bitter comment appeared in *Social-Demokraten*, which said editorially: "Norwegian resistance burns deep and unquenchable despite measures directed against factory workers, farmers, officials, and even the closest friends of the Royal family. With Vidkun Quisling and his National Socialist party as tools, the Germans endeavored to reorganize Norway and the Norwegians along lines that violated both international law and the law of the country. In this, however, they failed. They have only succeeded in welding the Norwegian nation together in a continued faith in democracy, liberty, and justice."

An editorial in ironic vein, which appeared in *Svenska Dagbladet*, quoted the Norwegian Nazi paper *Fritt Folk* to the effect that "clemency far beyond all Christian virtue" had protected the anti-Quislings. *Svenska Dagbladet* commented: "Among the Christian virtues *Fritt Folk*

evidently places the executions, mass arrests, and wholesale lawless oppression which are everyday occurrences in Norway. The application of these measures in the arrest of twenty former officials of the Court of King Haakon—intimate friends of the Royal family—won't break the Norwegian people's spirit of resistance. . . . Particularly repulsive to a Northern sense of justice is the procedure of punishing innocent persons by taking them as hostages from a group which happens to belong to the same family or professional circle as do the alleged culprits."

A FIVE-YEAR DEFENSE PLAN, calling for vast increases in armaments in the Swedish Army, Navy, and Air Force, was announced by King Gustaf in his speech from the throne at the opening of the Swedish Riksdag on January 12. This program, aimed at giving a greater mobility and striking power to Sweden's armed forces on land, sea, and in the air, was outlined by Defense Minister Per Edvin Sköld. It is expected that at the end of 1947 the Swedish Army, proportionately, will be more highly motorized than that of any other nation. Plans call for the immediate conversion of four present infantry and cavalry regiments into motorized and bicycle units.

While the Army cannot now be increased in size, since all eligible reserves have been taken into service, the number of anti-tank units is to be increased, and there will be a considerable addition of heavy tanks, heavier artillery, and anti-tank weapons. Sweden will thus have four tank regiments forming a self-contained command, while three regiments and four units of anti-aircraft artillery will be separated from the artillery command. In addition, one new heavy artillery regiment will be added to the Army. Rifle clubs, which already exist throughout the country, are to be trained in the use of machine guns, automatic pistols,

and automatic rifles, and it was also announced that in the future officers will be recruited from all ranks of the service. In order to avoid calling up older classes, it was decided to retain members of the 1940 class for a period of six months after they have served their year of training.

SWEDEN'S NAVY will not only have an increased number of units, but will be given a strong torpedo offense arm in the form of submarines, the building of which is going on at the quickest possible rate. The plans call for new and improved destroyers of 1,800 tons which will carry, in addition to four 4-inch guns, more torpedo tubes and heavier anti-aircraft armament. New torpedo boats, larger than the motor torpedo boats now in service, and containing the latest technical improvements, are to be constructed. In addition to two 7,000-ton cruisers already voted, it is planned to construct a third cruiser within the five-year period. Gothenburg is to receive a new coast artillery regiment, and will also be provided with a new permanent naval station.

The force is to be enlarged to sixteen wings. This will require the entire maximum output of Sweden's aircraft factories. Included in this increase will be two fighter wings, one torpedo, and one mine-laying wing, the latter to function in cooperation with the Swedish Navy.

SWEDEN'S NEUTRALITY WAS PRAISED in an article in the London *Times* on January 6. Captioned "Isolated Sweden," it read in part: "Cut off from the outside world and dangerously surrounded on all sides by German-dominated countries, Sweden has stubbornly continued along the path of neutrality, bent upon preserving her independence and the welfare of her people.

"Sweden's unwillingness to let herself be drawn into the German new order of

things is best attested by frequent irritable sallies in German newspapers, accusing her of 'not understanding the signs of the times'; of believing that she 'can sit back and let others do the fighting for her,' and of 'being unfaithful to the traditions of Charles XII.'

"The object lesson provided by Norway," the article continued, "is certainly the strongest single factor in immunizing Sweden against the New Order talk, and there is hardly a day when the Swedish press doesn't publish uncensored news from Norway. Recent arrivals in Sweden from England find that the Swedish press is far more outspoken in this and in other respects than is generally believed in London. Whenever conditions in Scandinavia or the future of small nations come up for comment, there's no hesitation on the part of the Swedish press in stating the Swedish cause."

IMPORTS CARRIED BY SWEDISH SHIPS, engaged in Western overseas trade with British and German permission, had a total value of 179,000,000 kronor during the first ten months of 1941. The imports from North America were valued at 105,000,000 kronor and those from South America at 11,000,000. The remainder came from India, Iceland, and Britain. Westward overseas exports for the first eleven months of the year were valued at 107,000,000 kronor. *Svenska Dagbladet* predicted that the total volume of westward trade for 1941, when final figures become available, will certainly exceed 300,000,000 kronor.

DIFFICULTY IN OBTAINING STEEL slowed down the production of Swedish shipyards in 1941 but, despite this, ships to a total of 161,000 gross tons were launched by Swedish shipbuilders, or some 6,000 gross tons more than in 1940, according to an article in *Svensk Utrikes-handel*, written by Svante Forster, secretary of the Swedish Shipbuilders' Asso-

ciation. The chief cause of the lack of steel was the failure of Germany to live up to her promise to supply 50,000 tons yearly from 1941 to 1943. The quota of 25,000 tons of steel promised for the first half of 1941 will not be delivered by Germany until the middle of the present year.

HERSCHEL JOHNSON, newly appointed United States Minister to Sweden, presented his credentials to King Gustaf on December 12. Until recently Mr. Johnson served as Minister-Councillor of the United States Embassy in London.



DENMARK

BLIZZARDS AND STRONG EASTERLY GALES from the frozen, snow-covered steppes of Russia have brought the third arctic winter in succession to Denmark. The Baltic, the Sound, and the Belts—the seaways between Sweden and the Danish Isles—are icebound, and heavy snows have brought all land traffic to a virtual standstill. Not for centuries have the Scandinavian countries experienced a winter like the present. But in spite of all hardships caused by lack of fuel and adequate food, the Danes have welcomed this vanguard of Russia's ally, General Winter. They know that each icy blast they suffer means a thousandfold greater suffering to the German armies. To the Danes this winter is a harbinger of the spring that will annihilate the German might and bring liberation to their country. "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

ALL OVER DENMARK RESISTANCE to the mounting German demands is increasing. This resistance was definitely manifested by the demonstration against the Danish Minister of Foreign Affairs, Erik Seavenius, upon his return from Berlin after

his signing of the Anti-Comintern Pact. The students at the University of Copenhagen were the instigators of a protest which made November 25, 1941, far more important in Danish history than Mr. Erik Seavenius had anticipated.

Several days before this black date in the annals of Denmark, rumors were being spread all over Copenhagen that the Danish Government, i.e. Erik Seavenius, was in Berlin to sign the Anti-Comintern Pact. When the German speaker from Berlin finally announced over the radio that Denmark had joined the Axis in the war against Bolshevism, and thus proclaimed Seavenius's humiliation of his country, a wave of resentment and unrest swept the land. The news ran like wildfire through the University and from college to college, with the password, "We meet at Amalienborg at 2 o'clock."

Several hundred students gathered there and a resolution was read, protesting against Seavenius and his foreign policy. The resolution was to be delivered to His Majesty, but the bearer was arrested. The police tried in vain to clear the square of the rapidly growing crowds, but the singing of the National Anthem made them desist. From Amalienborg, the demonstrators marched on to Christiansborg and, when the police barricaded the main route with their patrol cars, the crowds detoured through the side streets. More than 10,000 had by then joined the demonstrators. In front of the Foreign Office they cried, "Down with the traitor, Erik Seavenius."

The demonstration, however, did not stop there. From Christiansborg, the procession, ten men abreast, led by the flags of the five Scandinavian countries, surged through the main street to the Raadhus-plads, where Himmler's Gestapo Haus is situated. A German officer, standing on a balcony, apparently misinterpreted the situation. Greeting the crowd with a martial air in the traditional Hitler salute, he made a quick and less heroic

retreat when his greeting was returned with a volley of motley missiles from the street below. Strong reinforcements of the police had gathered and fired several shots. Put in spite of all efforts, the demonstrations continued far into the night, and the unrest went on smoldering for several days. The square in front of the Students' Association was transformed into a veritable battlefield, and more than fifty students were dragged off to jail. Special precautions were taken to protect German property in Copenhagen. No civilian is permitted at any time to pass the German Military Headquarters at Hotel d'Angleterre.

It is indicative of the strengthening of ties between the Scandinavian countries that the Danes on this occasion, instead of singing "King Christian," sang the Norwegian national anthem, "Yes, We Love the Land that Towers."

THE QUESTION HAS BEEN ASKED: How long are the Germans going to keep up their pretense of politeness in their dealings with the Danes? and the answer is, as long as they consider it to their advantage. The day is now approaching when the Danish larder will be empty and Denmark's importance as purveyor to the armies of the Third Reich will be coming to an end. As this moment draws near, the interference of the Germans with Denmark's internal affairs—for all their solemn promises to the contrary—is rapidly increasing. Shortly after the signing of the Anti-Comintern Pact, Berlin demanded the enforcement of the Nürnberg Laws legalizing persecution of the Jews. But this time their demands were rejected. Seavenius and his pro-German henchmen, the Minister of Traffic, Gunnar Larsen, and the Minister of Justice, Thune Jacobsen, were ready to agree, but the majority of the Cabinet was firm in its opposition.

Seavenius then presented the demands to King Christian, who indignantly re-

fused to consider any such legislation unless it were unanimously passed by the Danish Rigsdag. Undaunted by the King's refusal, Scavenius presented the enactment to the sub-committee of the Rigsdag, which unanimously refused to send it to the House. When Scavenius again approached His Majesty, the King in no uncertain terms informed him that he would rather abdicate than sign any such decree.

It may seem strange that King Christian and his people should make their definite stand against the Germans on this particular question, but there never has been a Jewish problem in Denmark. As His Majesty once remarked to a high German official, "Since we have never considered ourselves inferior to the Jews, we have no such problem."

The insignificant minority of perhaps 5,000 people of more or less Jewish origin who live in Denmark have been Danish citizens for generations, and most of them belong to the Danish Lutheran Established Church. This the Germans know. Their efforts are not directed so much against the Jews as against the solidarity of the people. By attacking the so-called Jews, they hope to drive a wedge into this solid front which has exasperated them with a sense of frustration. Only by dividing the house of Denmark against itself, could they ever hope to draw the Danes down to the moral and spiritual level on which the New Order of their Reich is based.

To this end Scavenius has lent his full support. Although he owes his political success to the Radical Party, whose program has always upheld racial, spiritual, and religious freedom and opposed war, he has now encouraged young Danes to go to Russia to die for Germany. He has betrayed his party as well as his country. Fortunately, the Danes have recognized him for what he is.

THE GERMAN *Raubwirtschaft* in Denmark continues with undiminished force. Nazi party members are being sent to Denmark on recreation trips. Upon their arrival, they are paid a tidy sum in Danish Kroner with which they can purchase practically unlimited quantities of the merchandise that is rationed to the Danish people, and in this manner they divest the country of food and clothing, as they have done in other occupied countries.

The German Chamber of Commerce has grown from a small three-room suite to a large institution, controlling Denmark's import and export trade. All clearing of merchandise and exchange between Denmark and the countries within the German sphere go through that office, and it is apparently Germany's intention to destroy her trade and industry and to reduce the country to a vassal farming State.

Before the war Denmark exported considerable quantities of manufactured articles to all parts of the world. But since Germany has taken over, she has been permitted only to export raw materials to Germany, who thus gets the profit on the finished goods.

A short while ago, a trade agreement was arranged between Finland, Denmark, and Sweden. This agreement calls for Danish export to Finland of 5,000 pigs, a corresponding quantity of canned meat, and 1,900 tons of butter with a total value of 12,000,000 Kroner payable by Finland to the Swedish-Danish clearing house in Stockholm. Sweden in turn pays Denmark with lumber, iron, and steel.

In reality Germany will get the Danish food products to feed her troops in Finland just as she will get the Swedish lumber, iron, and steel which is being sent to Denmark. It is all a part of her plan for carrying on the war at the expense of the occupied countries.

According to a recent dispatch from Berlin, the Danes have been asked (commanded) to give up 10 per cent of their butter rations to the starving Finns. German censorship, however, spared them the details of what this part of their meager rations is used for. A Swedish dispatch tells how German soldiers who tried to buy the favors of some starving girls in Helsinki had been killed in a bar room fight. The Finns have long complained that some of the Finnish girls were too friendly with the German troops and the situation grew worse when the German soldiers were able to offer the girls the highest price in Finland—food.

THE ORGANIZATION OF FREE DANES all over the world has been considerably strengthened as a result of the Anti-Comintern Pact. The Danish Ambassador to London, Count Eduard Reventlow, the Danish Consul General there, C. M. Rotboll, and Consul General Holler in Montreal have all broken with the German-controlled Government in Copenhagen. This was followed by a declaration from the Danish *Chargé d'Affaires*, in Teheran, Aage Fensmark, who informed Copenhagen that under the circumstances he would no longer be able to obey orders from home, if he were to represent Denmark's true interests. The Danish *Chargé d'Affaires*, in Mexico, C. C. Jörgensen, and Minister Fin Lund, Buenos Aires, have also declared that they consider themselves free and that they intend to work in close collaboration with Minister de Kauffmann and his supporters in Britain and elsewhere. The Danish Consul General in Batavia has proclaimed that all Danes living in the Dutch East Indies will be asked to declare their stand for or against the Scavenius Government and that Aage Fensmark is trying to organize all Danes in Asia and Africa.



ICELAND

THE TRADE DELEGATION from Iceland which arrived in the United States in August 1941 returned to Iceland in the latter part of November. Little has as yet been published regarding the results of the negotiations with the United States Government, but one arrangement of great importance for Iceland has been made known. The United States Government has promised to pay in United States dollars for all fish and fish-products sold from Iceland to Great Britain. This will provide Iceland with much-needed American currency with which to purchase various necessities in the United States.

Another delegation arrived here in November from the Municipality of Reykjavik to purchase material for a heating plant, by which hot springs in the vicinity of Reykjavik will be utilized to heat the entire city. The delegation, which is also purchasing material for the extension of the Sog Electrical power plant, is still in the United States.

THE CABINET RESIGNED in the first week of November, for the second time in the course of a few weeks, because it was impossible to reach an agreement on how to stem the ever increasing inflation. The Progressive Party, which is represented in the Cabinet by two members, wanted to stop the inflation by putting a ceiling on prices and wages by law, while the Independent Party and the Socialist Party, represented by two members and one member respectively, wanted to do so by means of a free agreement. After it had turned out to be impossible to form a new Cabinet by one or two of the political parties, and it was equally impossible to hold elections in the middle of the winter, a new coalition Cabinet was formed on November 18

with the same participation from the three parties as before, and the members of the new Cabinet were the same Ministers as had formed the old Cabinet.

SEVERAL TRADE UNIONS demanded an increase in wages at the end of the year, and as negotiations were fruitless, several strikes began after the New Year. As the situation thus became more difficult than before, the two largest parties, the Independence Party and the Progressive Party, reached a special agreement which the Socialist Party would not accept. On January 8 a provisional law was signed by the Regent according to which arbitration is established in all matters concerning wages. At the same time the Act decides that the wages shall not generally be increased from those paid in 1941. New contracts entered into after New Year were made invalid. Prices on necessities are to be fixed, and strikes and lockouts are forbidden. As a consequence, the Socialist Party withdrew its representative, Mr. Stefan Joh. Stefansson, from the Cabinet and is now in opposition to the Government. The portfolio of Foreign Affairs, which Mr. Stefansson had held, was taken over by Mr. Olafur Thors, the Minister of Industries, who is one of the representatives of the Independence Party.



A REIGN OF TERROR, steadily increasing in intensity, has been let loose in Norway during the last three months under Hitler's Gestapo secret police. The terroristic practices of the German tyrants prove, as perhaps nothing else could, the mounting resistance of the sorely tried Norwegian people against the alien military power now occupying their country and at-

tempting by every means, fair or foul, to force upon them the yoke of slavery.

Nazi-German psychological stupidity is by now well understood. Their boast of "Aryan-Nordic" racial affinity to the Norwegians, and their tenuous claim to being fellow inheritors, from common ancestors, of the Eddas and sagas of the Northern peoples, have failed to make the slightest impression.

This solid wall of resistance has made the Germans frantic. Being brutal by nature and training, they have invoked the suppressing power of the Gestapo secret service and set in motion all their imported means of crushing resistance. This has taken the form of mass arrests in all parts of the country, accompanied in many individual cases by the infliction of torture upon the helpless victims.

THE NUMBER OF ARRESTED PERSONS in the country as a whole is now considerably over 4,000. Approximately 3,000 of these victims are confined in concentration camps in eastern, western, and northern Norway, while those considered most dangerous have been shipped to concentration camps in Germany, among them the Norwegian commander-in-chief, General Otto Ruge.

Of the additional 1,000, the greater number has been sentenced to long terms in prison, the sentences ranging from one to eight years, or to life imprisonment, while several hundred are languishing in jail awaiting a hearing before the German military authorities or in the alien "courts" set up by the Nazis in which the victims have no chance to defend themselves.

Several hundred additional arrests have been made during the last three months, particularly in the latter part of December and the early part of January. Among these were fifty Norwegian workers employed in the recently established German naval dockyards in Bergen and more than two hundred workers

in Trondheim, among them a number of Danish shipyard workers brought to Norway from Denmark. No charges against these men were made public. It is assumed that they were suspected of being saboteurs and spies, in which case they will first be subjected to torture in the approved Gestapo procedure for wringing confessions from suspects. In many cases such prisoners are shot whether they "confess" or whether they don't.

Among those recently arrested are Norwegian patriots prominent in the country's social and business life and several Army officers and friends of the Royal house. They were informed that they would be sent to Germany's eastern front to be inducted into the German "labor battalions" for the purpose, as the Germans express it, of "becoming acquainted with bolshevism."

THE GERMAN PRACTICE OF TAKING HOSTAGES was the real and primary purpose of these arrests. They were carried out in accord with instructions which Reichskommissar Josef Terboven received from Berlin and which gave him authority to jail all male relatives in Norway of Norwegian military officers who today are in England engaged with the Norwegian forces in Great Britain in carrying on war against Germany.

As further ground for these arrests the Germans made it known that they deemed it necessary to secure all Norwegian air and naval officers remaining in Norway, in order to prevent them from making common cause with so many of their fellow officers who have escaped and joined the free Norwegian military forces which now, together with Great Britain, the United States, and the other Allies, are fighting the Germans from abroad.

As a final reason the Germans announced that it was necessary to take hostages in order to prevent future Allied raids on the Lofoten Islands and along the far-flung Norwegian coast. The

latest of these successful raids occurred on the coast north of Bergen just before Christmas, of which more details presently.

Of the large number of those arrested in this category, only a few names are known at this time. Those known definitely to have been jailed are the following: Johan H. Andresen, owner of Tiedemann's tobacco factory, formerly chairman of the Conservative Party (*Høire*), which he represented in the Storting; Captain Emil Nicolaysen, former adjutant to King Haakon; Captain Nils Ramm, former adjutant to Crown Prince Olav; Lieutenant Erik Graff Wang, a former schoolmate of the Crown Prince.

Among other personal friends of the Crown Prince taken as hostages were the Lord Steward of the Court, P. F. Broch, Captain Finne, Severin Jacobsen, Ingard Doubloug, Halvdan Ditlev-Simonsen, Henrik Huitfeldt, and Gunnar Samson, Jr., all prominent officials, Army officers, business men, and leaders in Oslo yachting circles. Other prominent victims were Cato Rachlew, a reserve naval officer and director of the Halden sawmills, and at least 125 other persons in Oslo and vicinity with approximately thirty relatives of Norwegian officers now attached to the free Norwegian military and naval forces in England.

It is known, moreover, that more than one hundred persons were recently jailed in Trondheim on charges of having refused to do homage to Quisling, on the occasion of one of his recent visits to that city.

AN INCREASING NUMBER OF EXECUTIONS of patriots is a concomitant of the reign of terror and a source of widespread grief and tragedy among the relatives and friends of the murdered victims. The executions are regarded by all loyal Norwegians as nothing less than military murder.

The total number of the executed victims is not yet definitely known, for there have been many instances of prisoners having been marched out of their cells to the stone wall in the prison yard and shot without the fact having been made public. Even the victims' families and nearest of kin are often long kept in ignorance regarding the fate of the arrested husband, father, brother, son, or other relative.

From all the information at present available, it can safely be assumed that the number of those executed since the German invasion of Norway on April 9, 1940, totals pretty close to one hundred. The identity of at least forty-three is known from the fact that they were given a so-called trial before a German military court before they were shot.

Here is the last available list published in *Aftenposten*, Oslo, in the beginning of November last: Karl Engen, building trades worker; Sverre Rødaas, laborer; Ernst Hekklestrand, machinist; Bjarne Langseth, laborer; Johan Olsen, miner; Sverre Helmersen, ship's fireman. These workers were condemned to death by a field military court of the German defense forces upon being convicted of aiding and abetting the enemy, the notice read. "The sentence has been carried out by shooting." Names of other executed persons since the invasion have been given from time to time in preceding issues of the REVIEW.

NO ONE KNOWS when the dreaded knock on the door may come, day or night. Frequently it comes to a sleeping household at three o'clock in the morning, an hour the Gestapo seems to prefer. None of the arrested victims knows whether he will return home alive.

In the immediately preceding issue of the REVIEW mention was made of the arrest of Professor Didrik Arup Seip, Rector (academic head) of Oslo University. Since last September Professor Seip

has been confined in the concentration camp at Grini near Oslo. An alien enemy court in Oslo has now sentenced him to one month's imprisonment in a dark cell. By a dark cell is meant a cell without a window and lighted only by means of a tiny electric light through a blue bulb in the ceiling. The furnishing consists of only a hard bench without pillows, and the daily prison fare is bread and water with the addition of a little thin soup twice a week. No other prisoner at Grini has previously been sentenced to more than two weeks' confinement in a dark cell.

Such punishment is almost beyond the endurance of young, physically strong men. Professor Seip is about 58 years old. His many friends fear that if the sentence is carried out it will be his end. He was charged with a breach of "discipline," which means that he opposed the teaching of Nazi pseudo-science and refused to obey German orders to nazify the curricula.

Dr. Seip is an outstanding man of science. In 1931 he visited the United States in company with Professor Selmer and lectured at the University of Minnesota. Together the two scholars made a tour through some of the States in the Northwest and on gramophone plates recorded some of the Norwegian dialects spoken among immigrants in that part of the country, dialects which had completely disappeared in Norway but were preserved in daily speech in this country.

The cruel sentence has aroused widespread bitterness among all sections of loyal Norwegians throughout Norway as well as in university and scientific circles in Sweden. Swedish universities and scientific societies have adopted resolutions of protest, and the Swedish Government has been requested to intervene in behalf of Professor Seip, who is widely and favorably known in academic and scientific circles in Sweden and throughout the world of scholarship in the North.

Other prominent persons recently arrested in Oslo are Smith Housken, until recently Commodore of the Royal Yacht Club, in the annual regattas of which Crown Prince Olav was an enthusiastic participant, and Odd Nansen, architect, son of the late humanitarian, diplomat, university professor and Arctic explorer Fridtjof Nansen. Professor A. W. Brøgger, archeologist and curator of the Oslo University collection of Northern antiquities, including the excavated Viking ships, has long been confined in a concentration camp for refusing to falsify scientific antiquarian facts to conform to Nazi perversions.

NORWAY'S FREE GOVERNMENT IN EXILE in London has recently adopted several important amendments to the Norwegian criminal law with respect to treason and penalties for the commission of treason against the State. The free Government was given full power to enact such laws by the Storting at its last session in Norway during the German invasion. All power formerly residing constitutionally in the Storting was delegated to the Government for the duration of the war. Thus continuity in the free Government's acts and administrative procedure has been legally and definitely established. The Norwegian State is still functioning.

Among the most important provisions of the new amendments are the following: All those who maintain membership in, or who seek membership, or who agree to become members of Quisling's National Union Party (*Nasjonal Samling*), or of the Nazi storm troop organization (*Hirden*), or of any other organization or society which gives aid and comfort to the enemy or contributes thereto, shall be deemed guilty of treason.

The penalty shall be the loss of the community's confidence for life or for a definite number of years. In addition such traitors may be fined in amounts up to

one million kroner. These penalties may be assessed in addition to those prescribed under Chapter 8 of the criminal code and Chapter 9 of the Articles of War dealing with crimes aiming to destroy the security and independence of the State and the Constitution as well as crimes against the King as the symbol of the nation's sovereignty. In time of war the penalty for such acts of treason is death.

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL RAID by the now famous British "Commando" forces at a strategic point on the Norwegian west coast occurred in the early morning hours of Saturday, December 27. The Commando forces, made up of dare-devil soldiers and seamen specially trained for overseas raiding purposes, in this operation comprised British and Norwegian fighting men.

The attack came as a great surprise to the German garrison on Maaløy and Vaagsøy islands situated just off the mainland between Bergen and Trondheim. Landings were made on each of the islands and the battle for control lasted six hours before the British-Norwegian forces subdued the strong German opposition. During this fighting British flyers of the R.A.F. bombed the German air base at Herdla, some distance away, inflicting great damage to planes, hangars, and military equipment, and preventing the sending of assistance to the hard-pressed German garrison on the islands.

After gaining full control, the Commando forces took prisoners nine quislings and ninety-five Germans, including some officers, and brought them to England. The total result of the raid in damage was 120 German soldiers killed, eight German ships of various types of war craft and cargo boats sunk or beached, several oil tanks destroyed by fire, a number of factories, including one owned by Vidkun Quisling, and a German coast battery blown up by gun-fire

from the British warships. All in all, 15,000 tons of German shipping were destroyed. Only a comparatively few British and Norwegian landing troops fell. A total of 11 British airplanes are missing.

The raid was conducted in accordance with the old Viking raid procedure, under the leadership of Norwegian officers, who were selected for their intimate knowledge of the Norwegian coast. The landing forces were in command of Brigadier General J. C. Haydon and the naval force was commanded by Rear Admiral H. M. Burrough.

In a recent Commando raid on the principal island of the Svalbard (Spitzbergen) archipelago in the Arctic Ocean, valuable to Norway for its extensive coal deposits, all mining equipment of Norwegian ownership was completely destroyed in order to prevent the Germans from mining coal for the Norwegian railways. Apart from this inference the purpose of the raid is not clear.

A second Commando raid on the Lofoten islands took place a few days before Christmas. The British and free Norwegian troops remained there three days, took several German prisoners, destroyed two large oil tanks by fire and considerable stores of German military equipment, sank a German patrol ship, and blocked the north-south going coastwise steamer traffic. The first successful Lofoten raid occurred nine months ago. In addition to the German and quislingist prisoners, the raiders, in this second attack on Lofoten, brought back to England over 200 Norwegian loyalists, men and women, who were glad of the opportunity to escape.

They were given an enthusiastic Christmas reception in London at a special meeting arranged for them and many other refugees at which King

Haakon and members of the free Norwegian Government in Exile spoke words of welcome and encouragement.

THE ELEVATION OF QUISLING to some post as leader in Norway has been rumored for some time. The wildest story even went so far as to say he might be made King, or at least regent. After a visit of the Norwegian Führer together with Reichskommissar Terboven to Berlin, the scene was set for his elevation, but only to the post of Prime Minister. The ceremony took place, February 1, at the historic Akershus castle by the fjord, and was closely guarded by German troops. The chief object of his Government, Quisling said, would be to make peace with Germany. Germany was honorably protecting Norway against the enemy, including "international Jewry," he declared.

The reaction of patriotic Norwegians on this appointment of the most hated man in the country to a post of authority was instantaneous. Quisling, while addressing his countrymen from the balcony of the Grand Hotel, found himself suddenly in darkness, the search lights and street lamps went out, as the cables had been cut. Time bombs had been placed in the East and West Railway stations where the quislingists from all over the country who had come to Oslo for the ceremony were just about to take their trains to go home. Bombs were thrown also into the Storting building, which is occupied by the German administrators, and into the University and National Theater buildings. At the same time important industrial concerns were set on fire and in some cases burned to the ground. How much of this terror was actually the work of Norwegian patriots, and how much may have been acts of German provocateurs, is difficult to know.

SCANDINAVIANS IN AMERICA

Minister de Kauffmann Honored

The Free Denmark Committee, with headquarters in New York, took the lead in uniting all those who have ardently wished to strengthen the hands of the courageous Minister who has dared to make himself the representative of the people of Denmark rather than of a Government which has been forced to bend to the conqueror. The wish resulted in a magnificent banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria, January 7, sponsored by a long list of distinguished Danes and Americans, and attended by more than six hundred friends and admirers of Minister Henrik de Kauffmann and Madame de Kauffmann. In an introductory tribute printed in the programme, Francis Hackett wrote of the Danish Minister as one of the members of the "trained and obedient" diplomatic service who has been "called on to reveal the jewel of an independent soul and mind. When this occurs in a crisis outside precedent, the inmost fiber of a human being is put to the test, and very few rise to those heights on which the fortunes of a nation and the future of a people are decided."

Tributes were paid by the speakers of the evening, among others Commissioner Lithgow Osborne representing Governor Lehman, and the British Consul General the Honorable Godfrey Haggard. Mr. William Sorensen, Chairman of the Free Denmark Committee, welcomed the guests, and Mr. C. H. W. Hasselriis spoke in behalf of American Friends of Danish Freedom and Democracy.

Most impressive of all, however, was the sheaf of telegrams and letters from all parts of the world read by the toastmaster, Dr. Edwin S. Burdell. Messages came from Montreal, Mexico City, Chile, Buenos Aires, Charlotte Amalie, Caracas, Rio de Janeiro, Bogota, Colombia, Bo-

livia, San Juan, Porto Cabello, and a number from London, from the members of the Danish Council there, from Danish volunteers in the British forces, from a Danish aviator, from Free Danish seamen, and from Free Danish journalists. It was an impressive roll call of Free Danes all over the world.



The Training Ship "Danmark"

Minister de Kauffmann has put at the disposal of the United States government the Danish training ship *Danmark*, which happened to be in American waters at the time of the invasion, and has since remained anchored at Jacksonville, Florida. Captain Knud L. Hansen, his officers, and cadets have all expressed a desire to serve in the war of liberation, and Minister de Kauffmann has declared in his letter to Secretary of State Cordell Hull that the *Danmark* may be used by the United States in any way whatsoever in our joint struggle for freedom and victory.



A Nobel Dinner

The Nobel Prizes have been suspended for the time being in Sweden and, of course, in Norway which awards the Peace Prize. The day on which the prizes are usually announced, December 10, was honored here instead with a banquet at the Hotel Roosevelt arranged by the American Scandinavian Center and presided over by its director, Mrs. Hjordis Swenson.

Among the Nobel Prize winners now in this country, nine attended the banquet: Pearl Buck and Sigrid Undset, winners of the Prize in Literature; Dr. Victor Franz Hess, Dr. Enrico Fermi, and Dr. Karl Landsteiner, physics; Dr. Otto Meyerhof, medicine; and Dr. Irving Langmuir, Dr. Harold Clayton Urey, and Dr. Peter J. W. Debye, chemistry. Among

other Nobel Prize winners who are now in this country, but were unable to be present, the following sent messages: Thomas Mann, Albert Einstein, Sinclair Lewis, Charles G. Dawes, Nicholas Murray Butler, Robert A. Millikan, Arthur Compton, and Eugene O'Neill.

Dr. Halvdan Koht, for thirty years a member of the Norwegian committee which has awarded the Peace Prize, mentioned the American recipients of the prize in the course of the years: two Presidents, Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt, besides Admiral Dawes, Elihu Root, President Butler of Columbia University, and Miss Jane Addams. "In no other nation," he said, "have so many and so highly situated individuals been awarded this prize. That means a just appreciation of what the United States has done for the establishment of international justice and peace. Perhaps I may add that it conveys a moral obligation too."

American Friends of Norway

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, who was United States Minister to Norway at the time of the invasion, has already done a great deal, by means of her book and her lectures, to throw light on Norway's problems and correct the first slanderous reports in the newspapers. Not content with that, Mrs. Harriman has now created an organization called American Friends of Norway to give practical aid to the fighting forces of that country.

A shop was opened on December 5 with a tea at which Crown Princess Märtha was present. At first situated in East Fifty-seventh Street, it has now been moved to permanent quarters at 36 East Forty-eighth Street. In addition to selling Norwegian wares, the shop is the center of various activities. Mrs. Harriman's immediate object is to collect \$200,000 to be used for medical supplies, hospital equipment, ambulance units,

dental units, warm clothing, and other necessities to assist the Norwegian Expeditionary Forces in carrying on their struggle to free Norway from German domination.



A New Hedda Gabler

The undimmed freshness of Ibsen's drama was demonstrated once more by the excellent production of *Hedda Gabler* which opened at the Longacre Theater on January 29. A "pre-view" the night before was given for the benefit of American Friends of Norway, and was attended by many Norwegians.

The distinguished Greek actress, Katinia Paxinou, gave the title rôle an exotic color; she presented Hedda with the fire and vibrancy that explain her power over others, and yet with the sterility and emptiness that doom her to be an outsider from life. Henry Daniell's intelligent and restrained Eilert Lövborg integrated the character of that dissipated genius. Karen Morley was an attractive Thea Elvsted, and Cecil Humphreys a sufficiently Mephistophelean Judge Brack. Ralph Forbes as George Tesman, Margaret Wyeherly as Aunt Juliana, and Octavia Kenmore as the maid Bertha, in the small absurdities of their rôles, avoided the too farcical, and stressed the real kindness of the Tesman family. After all, Ibsen leaves their bourgeois virtues in possession of the field, morally speaking.

The new English version by Ethel Borden and Mary Cass Canfield gave to Ibsen's lines some of that ease and suppleness which they have in the original.

The Norwegian milieu revealed an uncertain touch. The very ordinary and unattractive room was a far cry from the stately elegance that Ibsen suggests. On the other hand, the gowns of Mme. Paxinou were of a gorgeousness such as not even General Gabler's daughter would have worn in old Christiania on a week-day in her own home.

Norwegian-American History

The Norwegian-American Historical Association held its triennial meeting in Minneapolis January 6, the afternoon being devoted to a business meeting and the evening to a banquet at the Leamington Hotel. The president, Mr. Arthur Andersen, of Chicago, reported great progress during the past three years. The Association now has 1,110 members and an endowment fund of \$13,480. The publications for the period include, besides the regular volumes of *Studies and Records*, two important volumes, *The Log Book of a Young Immigrant* by the late Laurence M. Larson, and the second volume of Theodore C. Blegen's monumental *Norwegian Migration to America: The American Transition*. Mr. Andersen said the Association was getting a reputation among critics and historians of being devoted to genuine historical research and not to propaganda.

As Mr. Andersen refused reelection, Mr. Olaf Halvorson, of Huntington Park, California, was elected president. Vice-presidents are Dr. L. W. Boe and Mr. Arthur Andersen; the secretary is Dean J. Jörgen Thompson; the treasurer, Mr. Birger Osland. Dr. Theodore C. Blegen, who has ably guided the publications of the Association, remains chief editor.

A Swedish Conference in Chicago

The Augustana Institute of Swedish Culture sponsored a conference held in the Swedish Club in Chicago beginning November 15. The Institute announced that it was not the purpose of the conference to found a new organization, or to decide on definite practical steps, but merely to hold discussion meetings. For this purpose a number of individuals were invited and organizations were asked to send representatives. The conference was very successful in throwing light on the difficult problems of those who are working to preserve a knowledge of Swedish in

the face of natural and inevitable Americanization. Dr. Conrad Bergendoff, president of the Institute, presided.

Among the subjects discussed were: the possibilities for promoting the study of Swedish in colleges and high schools; a central organization of lectures on Sweden; the Swedish press; and the cultural activities of Swedish societies.



The "Kungsholm" Becomes "John Ericsson"

The luxurious Swedish liner *Kungsholm*, in which many Americans have spent happy days voyaging between New York and Gothenburg, has been purchased by the United States Government. Since passenger traffic across the Atlantic became impossible, the liner has been used for the popular cruises to the West Indies and to Central and South America. Now that the war has come to America, these also have had to be abandoned. The authorities of the Swedish-American Line were therefore quite willing to have the government take over the idle liner, and it was formally handed over to officers of the Navy with a ceremony on January 2. Most appropriately its new name will be *John Ericsson*. It will be used as a transport.



New Work by Carl Milles

In his studio at Cranbrook Carl Milles has recently completed his model for the monument to the great Swedish industrialist Louis de Geer which is to be raised on the market place of Norrköping. It is to be cut in Swedish black granite by Per Palm, the same man who did the Delaware Monument raised in Wilmington in 1938. The difficulty now is to get the model transported to Sweden.



Birthdays

Two men active in Scandinavian studies have recently passed landmarks and have

been honored on their birthdays in the good Swedish fashion. Axel Johan Uppvall, who was seventy on January 10, is now probably the dean of Scandinavian scholars. He has been since 1924 professor of Scandinavian at the University of Pennsylvania. He was born in Värmland and came to this country at the age of twenty-three. His wide training in modern languages included study in France and Germany. In addition to his class work, he has written extensively on Swedish literature. Professor Uppvall's friends and admirers gave a dinner for him on his birthday at the Hamilton Court Hotel in Philadelphia, at which Consul General Martin Kastengren presented him with the order of the North Star.

Professor Adolph B. Benson, head of the Germanic department at Yale, has been among the most active in promoting Swedish studies in this country. He was honored on his sixtieth birthday, November 22, by a dinner in the President's Room at Memorial Hall, Yale University. His Excellency Minister Wollmar F. Boström came from Washington, with Mme. Boström, and presented Professor Benson with the insignia of Commander of the Order of Vasa. It was recalled that the stately President's Room was the scene of conferring a degree upon the Swedish Crown Prince on the occasion of his first visit. Dr. James L. McConaughy, president of Wesleyan University, spoke of the energy and determination of the young immigrant boy who used to walk seven miles to attend college classes, and Professor Robert Herndon Fife, who was also his teacher at that time, claimed credit for having called the attention of the boy to the treasures of his native Swedish. Later Professor Fife at Columbia University guided his old pupil through his work for his doctor's degree.

Professor Benson is a member of the Committee on Publications of the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

A Half Century as Judge

Judge Andrew Holt, one of the most highly respected among American citizens of Swedish descent, this year celebrates his thirtieth anniversary as associate justice of the Supreme Court of Minnesota. Judge Holt, who was born in 1855 in East Union, Minnesota, of Swedish parents, attended the academy which later grew into Gustavus Adolphus College. In 1894 he was elected judge of the Municipal Court in Minneapolis, and in 1904 judge of the District Court. He is therefore very near to rounding out his half century on the bench, but has announced his intention of retiring when his six-year term expires at the end of the present year. Judge Holt, a Republican in politics, has had the support of all parties.

Incidentally, the Judge can also celebrate this year his twenty-fifth anniversary as an Associate of the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

Dr. Strömborg of Mount Wilson

Scandinavian students coming to Mount Wilson, in southern California, have been cordially welcomed by an astronomer of Swedish birth, Dr. Gustaf B. Strömborg. He has now received the honor, not often bestowed, of being elected a member of the Society of Sciences in Uppsala.

Dr. Strömborg was born at Gothenburg. He took his doctor's degree at Lund University in 1916 and the same year left for America to study at Mount Wilson. But instead of returning to his native land, he was appointed a member of the staff of the Observatory, and has remained there ever since. He has written extensively in his chosen field.

THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples,
by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

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Trustees' Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Trustees of the Foundation was held at the Harvard Club on February 7. The President pointed out that in our annual report for 1916, a few weeks before the United States entered the European War, it was stated that the Foundation had been represented directly by travelling scholars, an illustrated periodical, and books of translation and criticism. Now, twenty-five years later, in the midst of a second World War, the Foundation can record the same category of activities.

Three new Trustees were elected: Mr. Harold S. Deming, member of the firm of Haight, Griffin, Deming and Gardner, whose partner, the late Charles Sherman Haight, was for many years a Trustee of the Foundation; Professor Harold C. Urey of Columbia University, Fellow of the Foundation to Denmark 1923-24 and winner of the Nobel Prize in chemistry for 1934; Mr. Thomas J. Watson, President of the International Business Machines Corporation. The officers for the past year were reelected.

The Board accepted with regret the resignation of Mr. Frederic Schaefer of Pittsburgh, Trustee since 1928, on condition that he resume the post of trustee when his affairs permit. He has been a

vital force in the counsels of the Foundation and a generous contributor to publication and fellowship funds. Mr. Schaefer has joined the ordnance staff of the War Department.

Trustees Honored

Mr. Hans Christian Sonne, Treasurer of the Foundation, was recently presented with the Royal Order of Vasa, First Class, by Consul General Martin Kastengren of Sweden. The presentation was followed by a luncheon in Mr. Sonne's honor at the Rainbow Room at which the President and several Trustees of the Foundation were present.

Mr. George N. Jeppson, Trustee of the Foundation and President of the Norton Company, Worcester, Massachusetts, was elected a Director of the Guaranty Bank and Trust Company, Worcester, at the eleventh annual meeting of the Board on January 26.

Fellows of the Foundation

Dr. Sune Bergström, Fellow from Sweden for the study of biochemistry, left for home on January 26 to resume his position as assistant in the Biochemical Section of the Nobel Institute.

Miss Hedvig Collin, Fellow from Denmark, has recently written and illustrated

an attractive book for children entitled *Two Viking Boys*. (Dodd, Mead. New York, 1941. Price \$2.) In this book Miss Collin has retold Rolf Krake's Saga for children from eight to eleven and has illustrated it with more than thirty full-page drawings and many characteristic vignettes as charming as they are accurate in detail.

Dr. Henrik Dam, Fellow from Denmark, has been appointed Senior Research Associate in biochemistry at the University of Rochester. Dr. Dam, who is well known in America as the discoverer of Vitamin K, will continue his research on vitamins and allied subjects.

Mr. Johan Graae, Honorary Fellow from Denmark, was married on November 27 to Miss Lois Magwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy H. Magwood of Claremont, N.H. Mr. Graae is at present employed as an engineer with the F. L. Smidt Company, New York.

Dr. Erik Holmberg, Fellow from Sweden for the study of astronomy, sailed for home on December 5, taking with him many astronomical photographs made at the Mt. Wilson Observatory in California.

Mr. Erik Krabbe, Fellow from Denmark, was married on December 12 to Miss Eileen Leerberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nis Leerberg of Pittsburgh. Mr. Krabbe is now employed as a chemist with the Pittsburgh Brewing Company.

Mr. Manfred Lehman, Junior Scholar from Sweden, is studying as an undergraduate at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

Miss Ulla af Ugglas, Honorary Fellow from Sweden, who has been studying weaving at the Cranbrook Academy of Art, Bloomfield Hills, Mich., was married on December 23 to Mr. Theodore E. Luderowski, American architect of Polish descent, who is employed in Mr. Eliel Saarinen's office at Cranbrook Academy. Miss af Ugglas is a daughter of Baron and Baroness Gustaf af Ugglas of Forsmark, Sweden.

Mr. Erik Wretblad, Fellow from Sweden for the study of metallurgy, sailed for Gothenburg on December 13 as second motorman on *Vingaren* of the Swedish Trans-Atlantic Line and has reached home safely.

Icelandic Students

Three Junior Scholars from Akureyri, Jonas Jakobsson, Adalsteinn Sigurdsson, and Halldor Thorsteinsson, arrived in New York on November 7 and have entered the University of California, Berkeley. Mr. Jakobsson will specialize in meteorology, Mr. Sigurdsson in history, and Mr. Thorsteinsson in French.

Miss Augusta J. Magnuss, who is studying post-graduate nursing and public health at the Mayo Hospitals in Rochester, Minnesota, has been appointed an Honorary Fellow of the Foundation. Miss Magnuss is a graduate of the National Hospital in Reykjavik.

Dr. Fridgeir Olason and his wife, Dr. Sigrun Olason, Honorary Fellows from Iceland, who spent part of last year studying internal medicine and pediatrics respectively in Winnipeg hospitals, have returned to New York, where Dr. Fridgeir is continuing his research work at the New York Hospital. Last fall he went to Iceland and brought their four-year-old son Oli back with him to New York.

Former Fellows

Mr. Alfred Öste, foreign editor of *Svenska Dagbladet*, who studied journalism in the United States as a Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden in 1932, has recently published a biography of President Roosevelt, which has been banned in German-occupied Denmark. Mr. Öste is well known in the United States as Stockholm correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*.

Professor Harold C. Urey, head of the Department of Chemistry at Columbia University and Nobel Prize Winner in Chemistry in 1934, has recently been made a Fellow of the Royal Swedish Academy of Science.

Ira Nelson Morris

On January 15, Ira Nelson Morris, Honorary President of the Chicago Chapter of the American-Scandinavian Foundation and an Honorary Director of the Sweden-America Foundation, died at his home in Chicago after an illness of seven months. All his life a devoted friend of the Scandinavian democracies, Mr. Morris was a loyal and generous supporter of the work and aims of the Foundation. As United States Minister to Sweden from 1914 to 1923 during the difficult period of the World War and the Russian Revolution, Mr. Morris upheld the prestige of his country and retained the friendship of the Swedes. He has described his experiences in Sweden in a book published in 1926 entitled *From an American Legation*. Among the many decorations conferred upon him were the Grand Cross of the Royal Order of the North Star from Sweden, the Grand Cross of the White Rose from Finland, and the Royal Order of St. Olav from Norway.

Southern California Chapter

A distinguished member of our Southern California Chapter, Mr. Ritz E. Heerman, Superintendent of the California Hospital, was presented with the insignia of the Royal Order of Vasa, First Class, at a dinner given in his honor by the Swedish Club of Los Angeles at the Chapman Park Hotel on November 12. The presentation was made by Vice Consul Walter G. Danielson of Los Angeles. Mr. Heerman is the founder and president of the Associated Hospital Service of Southern California, established in 1938, which now includes 57 hospitals from Fresno to the Mexican Border and has paid hospital bills of subscribers amounting to over \$500,000.

American-Scandinavian Forum

Dr. Bjarne Braatøy, head of the Public Relations Department of the Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission, New York, addressed the American-Scandinavian

Forum (Cambridge Chapter) on November 28 on "A Norwegian Considers Post-War Reconstruction," and the President, Miss Henrietta M. Larson, reports that his address "was tremendously worth while and most enthusiastically received by the audience."

On January 30 Mr. Per Stensland, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden for the study of adult education, spoke on "What Has Happened to Scandinavia."

Augustana Chapter

On December 10 the Augustana Chapter gave up its scheduled program in order to join with other friends of the college community in a dinner meeting occasioned by the visit to the college of Consul Gösta Oldenburg of Chicago. Guests of honor with the Consul were President Conrad Bergendoff and Dean Arthur Wald who, on behalf of the Swedish Minister, were presented with the Order of the North Star, first class. After-dinner speakers were the toastmaster, Dr. C. G. Carlfelt, Mr. Bernard Anderson of Chicago, and President Bergendoff.

The meeting of the Chapter on January 21 was a joint one with the Art Association. The program included an illustrated talk on the Swedish painter, Carl Larsson, by Mr. R. C. Sandburg, Rock Island architect and a local Chapter member. Following the program in the Library Lecture Hall, the audience was invited to see an exhibit of prints of Larsson's paintings in the magazine reading room where refreshments were served. An interesting incidental display was provided in the form of a collection of Swedish children's books just received from Sweden.

Chicago Chapter

On January 9 the Chicago Chapter of the American-Scandinavian Foundation gave a luncheon at the Arts Club in honor of the Minister from Denmark to the

United States, His Excellency Henrik de Kauffmann. Consul Elmer Forsberg, Chairman of the Executive Committee, presided, and Consul General Reimund Baumann of Denmark introduced the distinguished guest. Minister de Kauffmann spoke about the future of Denmark, asserting that it will be free again and will work in harmony with the other Scandinavian countries when the Allies have triumphed in the war. When Germany invaded Denmark, he announced in Washington that he was acting for an independent nation, and this, he said, is still his position. It was in this rôle that he signed the agreement, on the anniversary of the invasion of Denmark, April 9, 1941, with our Department of State for the protection of Greenland against possible aggression.

Among the guests at the luncheon were Mrs. Gunhild Tegen of Stockholm and three Fellows of the Foundation from Sweden: Mr. Per Stensland, Mr. Axel Ekwall, and Mr. Gösta Franzén.

Dana College Chapter

At their first meeting of the season in October the members of the Dana College Chapter elected the following officers for the year: President, Mr. H. F. Swansen; Vice President, Mr. Edward Hansen; Secretary, Miss Luella Nielsen; Treasurer, Mr. Thorvald Hansen. At this meeting Dr. John Holst, Danish Vice Consul in Omaha, presented several reels of a color film of Denmark.

On December 5 the former Countess Ebba Trampe, now Mrs. Westergaard of Evan, Minnesota, soprano, was guest artist.

New York Chapter

Her Royal Highness Crown Princess Märtha of Norway was the guest of honor at the annual Christmas party of the New York Chapter at the Park Lane Hotel on December 19. Toward the end

of the dinner it was the privilege of the President, Mr. Herman T. Asche, to announce the arrival of Crown Prince Olav at La Guardia Airport from England.

The speaker of the evening was Mr. James Creese, Trustee of the Foundation and Vice President of the Stevens Institute of Technology, whose speech is quoted elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Brendan Griswold, barytone, delighted his audience with several songs, and dancers from the Arthur Murray School did their share to enliven the evening. Among those present were Consul General and Mrs. Georg Bech of Denmark, Consul General Agnar Klemens Jonsson of Iceland, Consul General and Mrs. Rolf T. Christensen of Norway, and Consul General and Mrs. Martin Kastengren of Sweden.

A luncheon bridge for the benefit of Camp Norway in Canada was held at the Norwegian Club in Brooklyn on January 21. This was the first of a series of benefits for Camp Norway to be sponsored by the Social Committee of the New York Chapter during 1942.

Princeton Club

The members of the American-Scandinavian Club of Princeton were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lowrie at a Christmas party in their home on December 17. Some 65 persons attended. A bounteous and authentic *smörgåsbord* preceded a program at which the principal speaker was Mrs. Alva Myrdal. Her remarks centered on "Impressions from the Scandinavian Countries during the War Crisis." Scandinavian Christmas music and folk dances were other highlights of a thoroughly enjoyable evening. The Club anticipates at least two more meetings before the summer recess.

Mr. Gabriel S. Hauge, one of the founders and now Secretary of the Club, is leaving Princeton to accept a commission in the United States Navy early in February.



Return to the Future. By Sigrid Undset. Translated from the Norwegian by Henriette C. K. Naeseth. Knopf. 1942. Price \$2.50.

This is the first book Sigrid Undset has published since she came to America, where she is now making her home. It is her story, from the time she heard the first air raid warning in Oslo till the day when she and her son Hans were on board the *President Cleveland* on their way to San Francisco.

We are fortunate in having this account, told by Norway's greatest contemporary author, a woman moreover passionately loving the country from which she was being driven, and possessing a deep understanding of her own countrymen. She has studied their history and related it to the lives of the common people today. She sees all that has happened in the perspective of what the Norwegians have labored to build up for a thousand years, how they have learned to wrest a living from a stern nature and how they have built up a system of law and order that secures freedom from want for everybody—a delicate and sensitive mechanism now hopelessly shattered. The account of her flight through a land, lovely with pale spring breaking through the ice and snow of winter, has a classic beauty, in spite of grief and horrors. "We had forgotten such things could happen," she says of the German invasion.

After a stay among friends in Sweden, Fru Undset and her son proceeded by way of Russia and Japan to America. In Russia she was shocked by the poverty and want, the filth and smells, and absolute absence of any beauty anywhere. The contrast with Japan, where even the poorest have a certain heritage of beauty, struck her sharply, although the privations brought on by war were beginning to be felt. She thought the Japanese were being driven by a small clique of war lords into a war for which they had no heart.

As a historian, Sigrid Undset has no sympathy with Bolshevism in its sweeping away the past instead of trying to build the new on the old. As a Christian, she has still less sympathy for its disregard of the individual. But in discussing the reactionary groups in the democracies who regarded Hitler as a bulwark against Communism, she says: "That Nazism and Fascism were at least equally irreconcilable opponents of Christianity, and far more perfidious enemies of all the ideals in which, to a certain extent, they still believed and which they served in word, and

partly also in deed—that they were constitutionally unable to believe."

The last section of the book deals with what she calls the "return to the future." She looks on the Germans as a nation of psychopaths who need medical investigation. She thinks them incapable of building anything of lasting worth, but believes they may well be able to destroy their victims. "Great culture-building peoples have before been practically eradicated from the surface of the earth. A small remnant of their descendants, reduced to fellahin or poor nomadic tribes, vegetate amid the ruins of their forefathers' cities and the memorials of a vanished, fine, and developed culture. We have no guarantees that we shall not meet such a fate. The war aims of the democracies must, to begin with, be the defense of their life, their existence as democracies. We hope, then, that we shall be able to accomplish this."

HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

Norwegians in New York, 1825-1925. By A. N. Rygg, LL.D. Brooklyn: *The Norwegian News Company*. 1941. Price \$3.00

It has been said that New York is not America and that the large number of Norwegian immigrants in the Metropolis are not to be classified with the immigrants who settled in the West. I have never seen any valid explanation of this trite statement unless it be the assumption that the tillers of the soil or the store-keepers of Main Street are more American than the toilers in the Subway or the deckhands on the mighty tugs on the Hudson River. New York City was here hundreds of years before the pioneers ploughed the first furrows in the black soil of the Dakotas, and the melting-pot civilization of Brooklyn and Bronx and Manhattan is no less the incarnation of the spirit and growth of the U.S.A. than the rugged individualism of the homesteaders.

Into the frame of the fabulous Metropolis Dr. A. N. Rygg has fitted the history of the Norwegians. It is a labor of love. In its own meticulous manner this book is the final review of a historical phenomenon by a man who gave the best years of his life to its development.

Much of the material in this book has been drawn from the author's own experience. He came to the United States in 1891 when the stream of Norwegian immigrants flowed full and fast into America, and he has lived to see the end of this remarkable epic. For the long span of years from 1825 to 1891 Dr. Rygg has gone to all kinds of sources: books and interviews, reports and statistics, carefully culling hundreds of items from the mass of information covering the era.

Out of this past, rise on its pages the plain people of Norway who came here to start life with the handicap of a foreign language and tradition but with the solid assets of sincerity,

education, and determination. They retained the sound qualities of their Norwegian heritage, but they also quickly identified themselves with the American way of life and became respected members of the community, some of them achieving signal success in their chosen fields. Conscious of their responsibility as citizens, they not only carried their full share of civic burdens but took upon themselves the added load of building hospitals, orphanages, old people's homes, and summer camps for underprivileged children. They maintained their own churches and organized numerous societies covering, in their wide range of purpose, practically all extraneous needs of man, from sick benefit lodges to singing societies, discussion groups, sports clubs, and Saturday evening dances. The point to be made is that the Norwegians in New York not only discharged their duties as everyday members of the American community, but went on to create, as did their compatriots in the Middle West, a most remarkable reproduction of their background and heritage. This, then, is their original contribution to the American scene, a transfusion of surplus energy into the veins of the adopted land.

Dr. Rygg has crammed the history of one hundred years, plus an Epilogue carrying the story down to the present, into 296 pages. With painstaking accuracy he has recorded the growth of the Norwegian "Colony" from the first handful of newcomers to the teeming years of post-war Brooklyn. He writes simply and effectively; his approach is sincere and searching, occasionally spiced with that dry humor which has delighted his friends and associates down through the years. May I, as one who for many a year had the pleasure of working for him and with him, say that he has been most self-effacing in dealing with the many contributions to the progress of the Norwegians in New York which sprang from his own fertile mind, and which he shepherded through thick and thin with high integrity and stubborn determination.

The Norwegian News Company is to be commended for publishing this great compilation of a thousand fragments of the history of the men and women of Norway who settled by the busy waters of the Hudson and the Narrows. The march of the pioneers over the Western prairies may have left clearer footprints, because they were the first to traverse the land, but it is high time that a monument should be erected to the city immigrant who leaves no imprint on the asphalt, but whose sweat and sinews nevertheless are integral parts of the world's most fascinating Metropolis.

HANS OLAV

Hans Olav was Dr. Rygg's assistant and became his successor as editor of Nordisk Tidende. He is now press attaché at the Norwegian Legation in Washington.

The Novel and Society. By N. Elizabeth Monroe. *The University of North Carolina Press.* 1941. Price \$3.00

Miss Monroe, in *The Novel and Society*, assumes that the modern novel as an art form shares the general decadence of our environment, and she attempts to define philosophical criteria which will serve as a basis for the novel as a sound and vital art form in the future. Many critics and readers, even while they sympathize with her insistence upon the essential values of a Christian philosophy, will dislike her tendency to blanket condemnation of the modern novel and her arbitrary pronouncements on individual novelists, especially those whom she touches upon in her opening and closing chapters, "Form and Substance in the Novel Today" and "The Novel of the Future."

Her judgments of the six women novelists whom she has selected for detailed discussion in her central chapters, because they "have managed to retain human values in the midst of decadence," naturally correspond largely to the degree to which she finds them expressing basic Christian attitudes. Miss Monroe considers these writers, however, also from the standpoint of technique and style, and sketches their backgrounds and lives. Though this material is not always entirely successfully integrated with her main philosophic discussion, the analysis of their art is, in several cases, original and valuable.

Readers of the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW will be interested in the fact that two of these novelists are the Scandinavians, Sigrid Undset and Selma Lagerlöf, and will recognize in the chapter on Selma Lagerlöf material that has previously appeared in the Review. There is no question that Sigrid Undset, the first in the book, is the novelist who comes nearest to Miss Monroe's ideal. Her novels, medieval and modern, help "to correct three destructive tendencies in the modern novel: the movement away from life, . . . the loss of a spiritual conception of personality, and the loss of a sense of community. . . ." Without neglecting Mrs. Undset's art in picturing the Middle Ages, in the creation of dramatic situations and characters intensely real, in the use of detail, Miss Monroe places chief emphasis upon her use of great themes, and relates these themes to her profound religious belief and understanding, the importance she gives to suffering in the life of man. In the fiction of Selma Lagerlöf Miss Monroe sees the expression of a natural religious faith rooted in environment and in Miss Lagerlöf's serene and beautiful nature, the development of an imaginative folk art particularly adept in the use of the supernatural. The discussion stresses *Jerusalem* and shorter tales, and though it is appreciative and understanding, seems to me not to take sufficiently into account some of the serious themes in Miss

Six Scandinavian Novelists

LIE · JACOBSEN · HEIDENSTAM
SELMA LAGERLÖF · HAMSUN
SIGRID UNDSET

By Alrik Gustafson

FAMILIAR to the modern readers are the medieval characters of Sigrid Undset, the romantic cavaliers of Selma Lagerlöf, and the inarticulate peasants of Knut Hamsun. Less known are the realistic regional sketches of Jonas Lie, the compact perfection of Jens Peter Jacobsen's novels, and the saga-like qualities of Verner von Heidenstam. These six writers represent the finest flowering of Scandinavian literature and typify the great cultural resurgence in Norway, Denmark and Sweden which placed Scandinavian writers in the forefront of modern literature.

Professor Gustafson has written an important book, one which evaluates for the first time the life and work of these outstanding literary lights. He has not attempted a complete history of Scandinavian literature, but has given us a well executed study of the most significant and representative productions of the last half century. His book is of exceptional importance to students and lovers of literature.

367 pages. Price \$3.50

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Lagerlöf's work, and the degree of her recognition of evil.

As much as she admires Mrs. Undset for her profound themes and wisdom, Miss Monroe seems to admire Edith Wharton for her brilliant technique, for though unable to accept the content of Mrs. Wharton's social studies as essentially significant or their ironic spirit as a satisfactory substitute for a serious approach, she calls Mrs. Wharton the greatest novelist America has known. Ellen Glasgow is linked to the central thesis of the book in that in spite of her skepticism "she is a novelist in whom an inherited tradition of life almost succeeds in taking the place of a sound philosophy." Why Mrs. Woolf was included in this group of novelists not selected "to set up a brief for woman in the novel" is not entirely clear, for her values are, in Miss Monroe's judgment, almost altogether experimental and transitional.

Though Miss Monroe does not claim greatness for Willa Cather, the last in her list of novelists, as she does for Mrs. Undset, she does see in her a desirable prototype of the future, largely because Willa Cather, a true and honest artist, has "her roots in a genuine native culture." That the immigrant is a significant part of this native culture which Miss Cather interprets, Miss Monroe recognizes, pointing to the Scandinavian, Bohemian, and French immigrants so important in Miss Cather's Western pioneer stories, and, of course, to the essential religious faith which was part of the immigrants' tradition, and which is fundamental also in such books as Miss Cather's picture of earlier America, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*.

Miss Monroe has set herself an ambitious task, and if greater critical breadth and quality than she shows are needed to carry out all her purposes successfully, her book, with its wide range of reference and suggestive comment, still has contributed to our understanding of the modern novel and its problems, as well as to an appreciation of individual novelists, and is worth the consideration of the reader interested in the world and literature of today and tomorrow.

HENRIETTE C. K. NAESETH

Henriette C. K. Næseth is professor of English at Augustana College.

Nation and Family. By Alva Myrdal. *Harpers.* 1941. Price \$4.00

In the preface to her comprehensive and thoughtful study of the Swedish experiment in democratic family and population policy—which incidentally is easy and entertaining reading as well—Alva Myrdal points out that among the "social and economic problems of the (post-war) reconstruction period, the one centering in the family institution and the quantity and quality of population will gradually assume a dominant position . . . a new interest will attach to productive investment in a nation's chief economic asset: children and their health and capabilities."

Her own book is a timely and weighty contribution to the study of a vital problem with which the architects of the world of tomorrow will be faced.

Alva and Gunnar Myrdal were the first to see and interpret the writing on the wall in drawing the attention of the Swedish people to the serious menace to its existence which declining birth and fertility rates implied. They published an extensive study on the subject in 1934 (*Kris i Befolkningsfrågan*) which aroused such general interest that the problem was uppermost in the minds of the Swedes for several years. In 1935 the Riksdag set up a Population Commission which investigated all aspects of the complex problem and prepared 17 reports. Most of the proposals of the Commission were subsequently enacted by the Riksdag.

The First Part of Mrs. Myrdal's book contains the essence of the work she published in 1934, in collaboration with her husband, supplemented by the results of later studies and observations. The Second Part deals with provisions in Sweden and comprises a digest of the reports of the Population Commission.

The two main causes of Sweden's low birth rate are: the exceptionally low marriage frequency (half of the adult population is unmarried) and the feeble marital fertility, due to voluntary family limitation. As principal causes of such limitation the author lists: the feeling of insecurity in modern life with regard to economic support, the trouble of bringing up children, particularly in cities, and the increasing pressure which they exert on the family economy.

Alva Myrdal, like most progressive population experts, considers that voluntary parenthood and family planning should be encouraged, and that the quality of children must never be sacrificed to quantity. In order to encourage marriages, especially among young people, and increase the size of families, she indicates a series of measures calculated to shift part of the burden of child support from the individual family to the nation as a whole.

The Second Part of *Nation and Family* also gives an account of the far-reaching reforms adopted in Sweden as a result of the recommendations made by the Population Commission. These measures must be looked upon as part of Sweden's whole progressive social policy, which has gradually brought about a sense of collective responsibility for the welfare of all citizens. The provisions deal with such questions as sex education, planning the size of the family, housing, health and nutrition, care for mothers, educational opportunities, recreation, and the work of married women.

It is significant that all political parties in Sweden could agree to such "radical" principles as the necessity of general access to birth control techniques and to sex education. As regards another controversial subject, the right of married women to work, the Riksdag endorsed that principle and adopted laws preventing the dismissal of women employees for reasons of marriage or pregnancy.

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It will be very interesting to see what the effects will be of the measures taken in Sweden with a view to stemming the tide of the declining birth rate. Let us hope that Alva and Gunnar Myrdal, who are so well fitted for this task, will find the time to follow up their remarkable studies in the matter. In the meantime *Nation and Family* deserves to be widely read, discussed, and meditated.

ESSY KEY-RASMUSSEN

Essy Key-Rasmussen for many years held an important position with the League of Nations. She is now in New York.

Voyages to Vinland. The First American Saga. Newly Translated and Annotated by Einar Haugen. Illustrated with Woodcuts by Frederick T. Chapman. Chicago: *Holiday Press*, 1941.

The adult reader who is led beguilingly along the path of smooth English, easily pronounced names, and beautiful type pages flanked by picturesque woodcuts, begins to wonder if he has made a mistake and inadvertently strayed into the children's library, but a closer examination will soon reveal that this feast is spread for his own grown-up enjoyment. True, the stories and pictures can be enjoyed by children, but the notes and comments are completely adult, though adapted for the general reader rather than the specialist.

Clearly, it has been Professor Haugen's purpose to lead people to read the sagas rather than books about the sagas. In his translation he has avoided archaizing and kept to a simple, straightforward American English which may well be nearer the feeling of the original than the more stilted language of earlier translations. In his introductory matter he enumerates the references to Vinland in the old books and describes the various sources. He agrees with Professor William Hovgaard that "the truth probably lies between the two sagas" that have been the main sources of our knowledge of the Vinland expeditions, and he combines the two into a consecutive narrative.

In the third section of the book, Professor Haugen gives the historical background of the Vinland voyages and relates them to the general European situation as well as to local conditions in Iceland and Greenland. Finally, he describes the growth of the Leif Ericson cult in this country and the effort to find some signs of the presence of the Norsemen. The voyages themselves, he thinks, have their own intrinsic value regardless of whether they influenced the course of world history. "They give American history a colorful opening, a series of vivid scenes and characters which we should otherwise have missed. . . . They constitute the first recorded feelings extended by Europeans towards a new world of promise in the West."

Mr. Chapman's woodcuts in black and henna are in the spirit of the sagas. The paper and binding and all the details of the book combine to make a volume that is a delight to the eye



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and the touch. The work has been a labor of love by a group of craftsmen (employees of the Lakeside Press in Chicago) who have banded themselves together into a private concern called the Holiday Press. This is their most ambitious undertaking to date. Only a limited number has been printed, but a trade edition is planned.

H. A. L.

Stefansson, Prophet of the North. By Earl P. Hanson. Illustrated. *Harper*. 1941. Price \$2.50.

Stefansson, Prophet of the North is not only the biography of an explorer through all the varied incidents of life in the Arctic; it is a study of a character whose rich human understanding is distinguished by imagination and sound scholarship. The war has made all of us conscious of the Arctic. There is then added appropriateness in this story of the world's greatest Arctic scholar and explorer.

Although Stefansson is known primarily as an explorer and lecturer, he is really a scientist of many parts as well as historian, scholar, and author. Stefansson's Arctic explorations were carried out mainly on expeditions to the American Arctic Archipelago and adjacent regions. His studies in the Mackenzie delta region of Canada in 1906-07; his researches in 1908-13 in Victoria Island, Dolphin and Union Strait, and Coronation Gulf; and his leader-

ship of the Canadian Arctic Expedition, 1913-18, are three great keystones in modern Arctic exploration. As a result much light has been shed on the constitution of the western margin of the Archipelago. On his Arctic explorations he developed the method of "living off the country" extensively, and was the first to advocate and apply this method on the deep Arctic Sea far from land.

Stefansson's more recent activities as adviser on Northern operations to Pan-American Airways has established him as a pioneer of flying between Europe and America. He, more than any other man, has emphasized the possibility that some of the decisive aerial battles of the war may be fought by long-range bombers north of the Arctic circle. The Arctic skies, according to Stefansson, possess great military potentialities hitherto not realized by aviation experts. He has done much to awaken our army to the fact that the far North may be an important field of military activity and has got our government to establish air bases and weather stations in the Arctic.

This short biography of Vilhjalmur Stefansson, written for adolescents, will have to do until another comes along; and the next one should be a lot better. Mr. Hanson's piece is sympathetic and honest, but this reviewer wishes he hadn't whacked it off in a hurry and had written a more definitive book. Nevertheless, even though its appeal is for boys and girls, adults who are not familiar with Stefansson's extensive contributions to Arctic literature should read this book with profit and pleasure.

WILLIAM S. CARLSON

William S. Carlson was Fellow of the Foundation to Greenland, 1930-31, and is now director of the Training School at the University of Minnesota.

Norway Revolts Against the Nazis. By Jacob Worm-Müller, former Professor of History at Oslo University. London: Lindsay Drummond. 1941. Price 5s net.

In March last year the REVIEW printed an article by Professor Worm-Müller entitled "Norway Looks to the Future" together with a collection of anecdotes culled from his speech in Brooklyn in January of that year, and gathered under the general title "They Can Still Laugh." He had then traversed this country from West to East on his way from Norway to England. At that time the terror in Norway had not yet developed to its present proportions, but from his vantage post in England, the author has followed later events. He describes the growing resistance in Norway, the German assault on Norway's cultural life and on the standards of living, the fight on the home front, and the battle of free Norway outside the country.

Most of these events have been chronicled in the REVIEW. In this book we have them gathered in one place and between covers. It complements the books of Hambro and Koht in that it tells the events after the invasion and is especially full in describing the inaugura-

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tion of the German New Order on September 25, 1940.

Worm-Müller's book is one of a series put out by the English publisher, each dealing with one of the countries now under the Nazi rule. It has a number of timely illustrations.

BOOK NOTES

The Lady Who Kept Her Promise is a tiny little volume bound in Copenhagen blue, written and illustrated by the Danish cartoonist, Hans Bendix. The Lady is the Statue of Liberty, and by the mouth of Mr. Tusind Tak Mr. Bendix tells how wonderful it is to breathe the air of liberty in a land of no blackouts, no fear, and no ersatz, where helmets are used only in beauty parlors, and the most formidable army is a party of skiers on their way to the train. Francis Hackett introduces the author. (American Artist Group, 106 Seventh Avenue, New York. 50 cents.)

In *He Who Laughs—Lasts*. Hans Olav and Tor Myklebost have gathered a number of current anecdotes from Norway's home front, many of them humorous, but illustrated with more grimness than humor by the gifted Norwegian American cartoonist Johan Bull. Several other artists have contributed drawings. While there are some laughs in the volume, it speaks more of mounting hatred and of the desolation wrought by the Germans in a once happy land. (Distributed by the Norwegian News Company, Brooklyn. Price \$1.25.)

Sangbok is a new collection of Norwegian songs which have been printed in *Nordisk Tidende* and are now available in book form. (Arnesen Press, Brooklyn, \$1.00.) It is a great many years since any such popular Norwegian anthology has been published, and this little volume is welcome as including many new poems besides the old favorites.

Comrades in the Snow by Julian David (Little, Brown. Price \$2.00) is a story of the Winter War in Finland. It relates the adventures of an American boy who happened to be caught there with his parents and was kidnapped by a German spy. In his friendship with a slightly older Finnish boy, Heikki, Puggy learns the meaning of a patriotism that is willing to make sacrifices.

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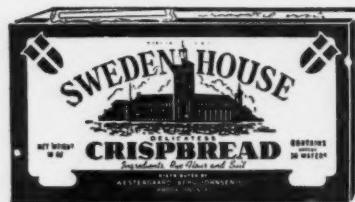


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